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F. 3 Part of text wanting

Imperfect. (both copies)
If you take this (the uncut)
one, supply from the other: —
F 3.
& see C. 1–4
& L. to end.

Perhaps best to take
the cut copy. If so, supply
from the uncut copy —
Title page (can it be cleaned
a little, by simply washing?
I beg that no acids be
used.)
There are some stained leaves
See F, F2 & 3. & F4 verso (blurred)

Do the best you can, but
the volume is not worth
much cost.

as [illegible] by me London for Thomas Archer 1812

THE WHITE DEVIL,

OR,

The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano Vrſini*, Duke of *Brachiano*,

With

The Life, and Death, of *Corombona*, the fam Venetian Curtizan.

As it hath bin diuers times Acted, by the Queenes Maieſties ſeruants, at the *Phœnix*, in Drury-lane.

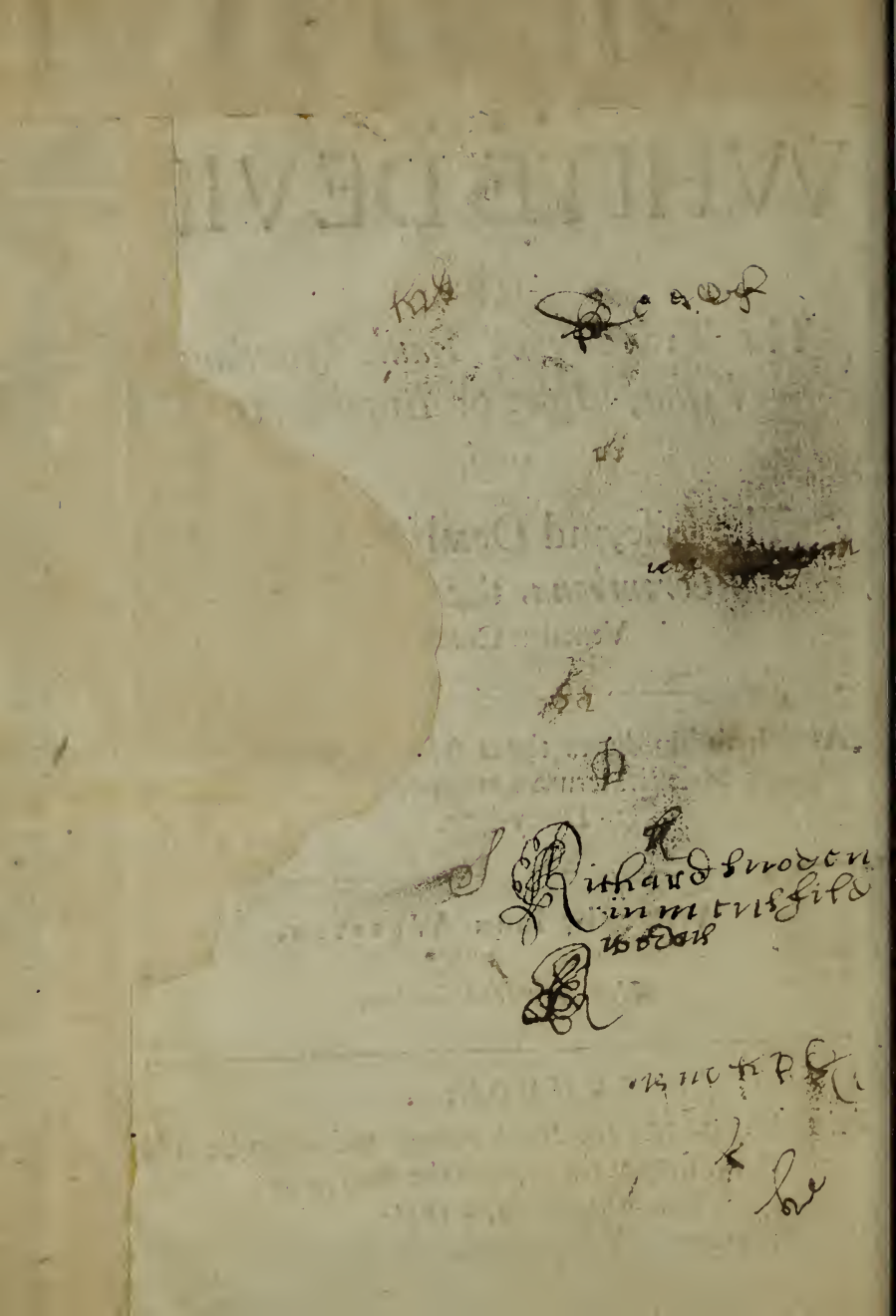
Written by IOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora ſecutus.

LONDON,

Printed by *I. N.* for *Hugh Perry*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the *Harrow* in *Brittains-burſe*. 1631.

It was first [illegible] by N.O. London for Thomas Archer 1612



To the Reader.

IN publiſhing this Tragedy, I doe but challenge to my ſelfe that liberty, which other men haue ta'ne before me; not that I *affect praiſe by it, for,* nos hæc nouimus eſſe nihil: *onely ſince it was acted, in ſoe open, and blacke a Theater, that it wanted (that which is the onely grace and ſetting out of a Tragedy) a full and vnderſtanding Auditory: and that, ſince that time,* I *haue noted, moſt of the people that come to that Play-houſe, reſemble thoſe ignorant aſſes (who viſiting Stationers ſhoppes their vſe is not to inquire for good bookes but new bookes)* I *preſent it to the generall view with this confidence.*

Nec Rhoncos metues maligniorum,
Nec Scombris tunicas dabis moleſtas.

If it bee obiected this is no true Dramaticke Poem, I *ſhall eaſily confeſſe it;* non potes in nugas dicere plura meas: Ipſe ego quam dixi. *willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind haue* I *fanlted: for ſhould a man preſent to ſuch an Auditory the moſt ſententious Tragedy that euer was written, obſeruing all the criticall lawes, as height of ſtile, and grauity of perſon, inrich it with the ſententious* Chorus, *and as it*

were life'n Death, in the passionate and waighty Nuntius: *yet after all this diuine rapture;* O dura messorum ilia, *the breath that comes from the vncapable multitude, is able to poison it, and ere it be acted, let the Author resolue to fixe to euery scene, this of* Horace,

---- Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

To those, who report I was a long time, in finishing this Tragedy, I confesse, I doe not write with a goose-quill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needes make it my fault, I must answere them, with that of Eurypides *to* Alcestides, *a Tragicke writer:* Alcestides *obiecting that* Eurypides *had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas himselfe had written three hundred: Thou telst truth (quoth he) but here's the difference, thine shall onely be reade for three dayes, whereas mine shall continue three ages.*

Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance: For mine owne part I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and heightned stile of Master Chapman: *The labour'd & vnderstanding workes of Master* Ionson: *The noe lesse worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master* Beamont, *& Master* Fletcher: *And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy, and copious industrie of* M. Shake-speare, *M.* Decker, *and M.* Heywood, *wishing, what I write, may be read by their light: Protesting, that, in the strength of mine owne iudgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fixe that of* Martiall.

---- non norunt Hæc monumenta mori.

THE TRAGEDIE OF *PAVLO GIORDANO* *Vrſini* Duke of *Brachiano*, and *Vittoria* Corombona.

Enter Count Lodouico, Antonelli, and Gaſparo.

Lodouico.

BAniſht? *Anto.* It grieu'd me much to heare the ſentence.
Lodo. Ha, ha, o *Democritus*, thy Gods
That gouerne the whole world, Courtly reward, and puniſhment Fortun's a right whore.
If ſhe giue ought, ſhe deales it in ſmall parcels,
That ſhe may take away all at one ſwope.
This 'tis to haue great enemies, God quit them:
Your wolfe no longer ſeemes to be a wolfe
Then when ſhee's hungry. *Gaſ.* You tearme thoſe enemies
Are men of Princely ranke? *Lod.* Oh I, pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by thoſe
Are paſht in peeces by it. *Anto.* Come my Lord,
You are iuſtly doom'd; looke but a little backe
Into your former life; you haue in three yeares
Ruin'd the Nobleſt Earledome. *Gaſ.* Your followers
Haue ſwallowed you like Mummia, and being ſicke
With ſuch vnnaturall and horrid Phiſicke,
Vomit you vp i'th kennell. *Anto.* All the damnable degrees

Of drinkings haue you, ſtaggerd through one Cittizen,
Is Lord of two faire Manors, call you maſter
Only for Cauiare. *Gaſ.* Thoſe Noblemen
Which were inuited to your prodigall feaſtes,
Wherein the Phenix ſcarce could ſcape your throates,
Laugh at your miſery, as fore-deeming you,
An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth,
Would be ſoone loſt i'th aire. *Anto.* Ieaſt vpon you,
And ſay you were begotten in an Earth-quake,
You haue rain'd ſuch faire Lordſhips. *Lodo.* Very good.
This well goes with two buckets, I muſt tend
The powring out of either. *Gaſ.* Worſe then theſe,
You haue acted, certaine Murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror. *Lod.* 'Las they were flea-bitinges:
Why tooke they not my head then? *Gaſ.* O my Lord
The law doth ſometimes mediate, thinkes it good.
Not euer to ſteepe violent ſinnes in blood,
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better theſe bad times.
Lod. So, but I wonder then ſome great men ſcape
This baniſhment: ther's *Paulo Giordano Vrſini*;
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now liues in Rome,
And by cloſe Pandariſme ſeekes to proſtitute
The honour of *Vittoria Corombona*,
Vittoria, ſhe that might haue got my pardon
For one kiſſe to the Duke. *Anio.* Haue a full man within you:
We ſee that Trees beare no ſuch pleaſant fruite
There where they grew firſt, as where they are new ſet.
Perfumes the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleaſing ſents, and affliction
Expreſſeth vertue, fully, whether true,
Or elſe adulterate. *Lod.* Leaue your painted comforts
Ile make Italian cut-workes in their guts
If euer I returne. *Gaſ.* O Sir. *Lod.* I am patient,
I haue ſeene ſome ready to be executed,
Giue pleaſant lookes, and money, and growne familiar
With the knaue hangman, ſo do I, I thanke them,

And

And would account them nobly mercifull
Would they dispatch me quickly. *Anto.* Fare you well,
Wee shall find time I doubt not to repeale
Your banishment. *Lod.* I am euer bound to you: *Exeat*
This is the worlds almes; pray make vse of it, *Senate.*
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in peeces.
When first they haue shorne them bare, and sold their fleeces.
Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. Your best of rest. *Vit.* Vnto my Lord the Duke,
The best of welcome More lights: Attend the Duke.
Bra. Flamineo. Fla. My Lord. *Bra.* Quite lost *Flamineo.*
Fla. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your seruice, O my Lord!
The faire *Vittoria*, my happy Sister
Shall giue you present audience, gentlemen, *whisper.*
Let the caroach goe on, and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches, and depart.
Bra. Are we so happy? *Fla.* Can't be otherwise?
Obseru'd you not to night my honor'd Lord
Which way so ere you went, she threw her eyes,
I haue dealt already with her chamber-maid
Zanche the Moore, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.
Bra. We are happy aboue thought, because 'boue merit.
Fla. 'Boue merit! wee may now talke freely: 'boue merit; what i'st you doubt? her Coynesse that's but the superficies of lust most women haue; yet why should Ladies blush to heare that nam'd, which they do not feare to handle? O they are politicke, They know our desire is increased by the difficulty of inioying; where a satiety is a blunt: weary and drowsie passion, if the Buttery hatch at Court stood continually open there would bee nothing so passionate crouding, nor hot suit after the beuerage.
Bra. O but her iealous husband
Fla. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with

quicke-siluer is not more cold in the liuer. The great Barriers mou'ted not more feathers, then he hath shed haires, by the confession of his Doctor. An Irish Gamster that will play himselfe naked, and then wage all downwards, at hazard, is not more venterous. So vnable to please a woman that like a dutch doublet, all his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my Lord,
Some tricke now must be thought on to diuide
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow.

Bra. O should she faile to come.

Fla. I must not haue your Lordship thus vnwisely amorous: I my selfe haue loued a Lady, and pursued her with a great deale of vnder-age protestation, whom, some 3 or 4 gallants that haue enioyed, would with all their hearts haue bin glad to haue bin rid of: 'Tis iust like a summer bird-cage in a Garden, the birds that are without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within, despaire, and are in a consumption for feare they shall neuer get out: away, away my Lord, *Enter Camillo.*

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparrell
Some men would iudge a polititian,
But call his wit in question, you shall finde it
Meerely an Asse in's foot cloath.
How now brother? what trauailing to bed to your kinde wife?

Cam. I assure you brother no; My voyage lyes
More Northerly, in a farre colder clime;
I doe not well remember, I protest, when I last lay with her.

Fla. Strange you should loose your Count.

Cam. Wee neuer lay together, but ere morning
Their grew a flaw betweene vs. *Fla.* T'had bin your part
To haue made vp that flaw.

Cam. True, but she loathes I should bee seene in't.

Fla. Why sir, what's the matter?

Cam. The Duke your master visits me I thanke him,
And I perceiue how like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leanes that way,
He should haue his bowle run.

Fla. I hope you doe not thinke.

Camilla

Cam. That noble men bowle bootie, Faith, his cheeke
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine iumpe with my mistris
Fla. Will you be an asse.
Despight you *Aristotle*, or a Cuckold.
Contrary to your *Ephemerides*,
Which shewes you vnder what a smiling Planet
You were first swadled,
Cam. Pew wew, Sir tell not me
Of Planets nor of *Ephemerides*:
A man may be made Cuckold in the day time
When the Stars eyes are out. *Fla.* Sir God boy you,
I do commit you to your pittifull pillow
Stuft with horne-shauings. *Cam* Brother. *Fla.* God refuse me
Might I aduise you now, your onely course
Were to locke vp your wife. *Cam.* T'were very good.
Fla. Bar her the sight of reuels. *Cam.* Excellent.
Fla. Let her not goe to Church, but like a hound
In Leon at your heeles. *Cam.* 'Twere for her honour.
Fla. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence,
To bee Cuckolded, which yet is in suspence:
This is my counsell, and I aske no fee for't,
Cam. Come you know not were my night-cap wringes mee.
Fla. Weare it ath' old fashion, let your large eares come through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter barre your wife of her entertaynment: women are more willinglie & more gloriouslie chast, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It seemes you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically iealous Coxcombe, take the height of your owne hornes with a *Iacobs* staffe afore they are vp. These politicke inclosures for paltry mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh, then all the prouocatiue Electuaries Doctors haue vttered since last Iubilee.
Cam. This doth not phisicke me,
Fla. It seemes you are iealous, ile shew you the error of it by a familiar example: I haue seene a paire of spectacles fasti'ond with such perspectiue art, that lay downe but one twelue pence ath'bord, t'will appeare as if there were twenty, now should you

weare a paire of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shooe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking vp of your wiues clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causelesse fury,

Cam. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight.

Fla. True, but they that haue the yellow Iaundise, thinke all obiects they looke on to bee yellow. Iealousy is worse, her fit's present to a man, like so many bubles in a Bason of water, twenty seuerall crabbed faces, many times makes his owne shadow his cuckold-maker.* See she comes, what reason haue you to be iealous of this creature? what an ignorant asse or flattering knaue might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes; or call her brow, the snow of Ida, or Iuorie of Corinth; or compare her haire to the blacke-birds bill, when 'tis liker the black-birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make you freinds; and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand vpon that by any meanes, walk you a loofe; I would not haue you seene in't. sister my Lord attends you in the banquetting house, your husband is wondrous discontented.

Vit. I did nothing to displease him, I carued to him at supper-time.

Fla. You need not haue carued him infaith, they say hee is a capon already; I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a Gentleman so well descended as *Camillo.* — a lousy slaue that within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the Dukes carriage' mongst spits and dripping-pannes.

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Fla. An excellent scholler, one that hath a head fild with calues braynes without any sage in them, —— come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodging —— that hath an itch in's hams which like the fire at the Glasse house hath not gone out this seauen yeares —— is hee not a Courtly Gentleman, —— when he weares white Sattin, one would take him by his blacke muffel to be no other creature then a maggot, you are a goodly Foile, I confesse, well set out —— but couer'd with a false stone you counterfaite dyamond,

Cam.

Cam. He will make her know what is in mee.

Fla. Come, my Lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. *Cam.* Now he comes to't.

Fla. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.

Cam. A vertuous brother on my credit.

Fla. He will giue thee a ringe, with a Philosophers Stone in it.

Cam. Indeede I am studying Alcumye.

Fla. Thou shalt lye in a bed stuft with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed linnen, like the fellow was smoothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at Sea thinke land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so, both heauen and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shal't meete him, tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to ineuitable necessitie.

Vitto. How sha'ls rid him hence?

Fla. I will put brees in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie; I haue almost wrought her to it, I find her comming, but might I aduise you now for this night I would not lye with her, I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

Camil. Shall I, shall I?

Fla. It wil shew in you a supremacie of Iudgement.

Camil. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for, *quæ negata, grata.*

Fla. Right: you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of:

Camil. A philosophicall reason

Fla. Walke by her a'the Noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the Progresse

Camil. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say, incited. *Vitto.* To do what Sir?

Camil. To lye with you to night; your silke worme vseth to fast euery third day, and the next following, spinnes the better. To morrow at night I am For you.

Vitto. You'le spinne a faire thread, trust to't.

Fla. But do you heare, I shall haue you steale to her chamber about midnight.

Camil. Do you thinke so; why looke you brother, because

you

you ſhall not thinke ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and ſay you ſhall be ſure of me.

Fla. In troath I will, i'e be your Iaylor once,
But haue you nere a falſe doore.

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Chriſtian, tell me to morrow how ſcuruely ſhe takes my vnkind parting.

Fla. I will. *Cam.* Didſt thou not make the ieaſt of the ſilke-worme? goodnight, infaith I will vſe this tricke often.

Fla. Do, do, do. *Exit Camillo.*
So now you are ſafe. Ha, ha, ha, thou intangleſt thy ſelfe in thine owne worke like a ſilke-worme *Enter Bachiano.*
Come ſiſter, darkeneſſe hides your bluſh, women are like curſt dogges, cruelty keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let looſe at midnight, then they do moſt good or moſt miſchiefe my Lord, my Lord

Bra. Giue credit: I could wiſh time would ſtand ſtill.
And neuer end this enterview this bower, *Zache brings out a carpet*
But all delight doth it ſe fe ſon'ſt denoure. *Spreads it and layes on*
Let me into your boſome happy Lady, *it two faire Cuſhions.*
Powre out inſtead of eloquence my vowes. *Enter Cornelia.*
Looſe me not Madam, for if you forgoe me I am loſt eternally.

Vit. Sir, in the way of pitty I wiſh you heart-whole.

Bra You are a ſweet Phiſitian.

Vit. Sure ſir a loathed cruelty in Ladies
Is as to Doctors many funerals: It takes away their credit.

Bra. Excellent Creature.
We call the cruell fayre, what name for you
That are ſo merciſull? *Zan.* See now they cloſe.

Fla. Moſt happy vnion.

Cor. My feares are falne vpon me, oh my heart!
My ſonne the pandar: now I find our houſe
Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leaue behind,
Where they haue tyranniz'd, iron, lead, or ſtone,
But woe to ruine violent luſt leaues none.

Bra. What value is this Iewell?

Vit. 'Tis the ornament of a weake fortune.

Bra. In ſooth i'le haue it; nay I will but change

My

My Iewell for your Iewell. *Fla.* Excellent,
His Iewell for her Iewell, well put in Duke.
Bra. Nay let me see you weare it. *Vit.* Here sir.
Bra. Nay lower, you shall weare my Iewell lower.
Fla. That's better she, must weare his Iewell lower.
Vit. To passe away the time, i'le tell your Grace
A dreame I had last night. *Bra.* Most wishedly.
Vit. A foolish idle dreame:
Me thought I walkt about the mid of night,
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *Ewe* Tree
Spred her large roote in ground, vnder that *Ewe*,
As I sate sadly leaning on a graue,
Checkered with crosse-stickes, there came stealing in
Your Dutchesse and my husband, one of them
A Picax bore, th'other a Rusty Spade,
And in rough termes they 'gan to challenge me,
About this *Ewe*. *Bra.* That Tree.
Vit. This harmelesse *Ewe*,
They told me my intent was to root vp
That well-growne *Ewe*, and plant i'th steed of it
A withered blacke-thorne, and for that they vow'd
To bury me aliue: my husband straight
With picax 'gan to dig, and your fell Dutchesse
With shouell, like a Furie, voyded out
The earth, and scattered bones: Lord how me thought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray. *Fla.* No, the Diuell was in your dreame.
Vit When to my rescue there arose me thought
A whirlewind, which let fall a massy arme
From that strong plant;
And both were strucke dead by that sacred *Ewe*
In that base shallow graue that was their due.
Fla. Excellent Diuell!
She hath taught him in a dreame
To make away his Dutchesse, and her husband.
Bra. Sweetely shall I interprete this your dreame,
You are lodgd within his armes who shall protect you,

From all the feauers of a Iealous Husband,
From the poore enuy of our flegmaticke Dutcheſſe,
I'le ſeate you aboue law and aboue ſcandall;
Giue to your thoughts the inuention of delight
And the fruition, nor ſhall gouernment
Diuide me from you longer, then a care
To keepe you great: you ſhall to me at once,
Be Dukedome, health, wife, children, friends, and all.
Cor. Woe to light hearts they ſtill forerun our fall.
Flam. What fury rais'd thee vp? away, away. *Exit Zancho.*
Cor. What make you here my Lord this dead of night?
Neuer dropt meidew on a flower here, till now.
Flam. I pray, will you goe to bed then,
Leaſt you be blaſted. *Cor.* O that this faire garden,
Had all poyſoned hearbes of *Theſſaly*,
At firſt bene planted, made a nurſery
For witch-craft; rather a buriall plot
For both your Honours. *Vit.* Deareſt mother heare me.
Cor. O thou doſt make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner then nature; ſee the curſe of children,
In life they keepe vs frequently in teares.
And in the cold grane leaues vs in pale feares,
Brac. Come, come, I will not heare you.
Vit. Deere my Lord,
Cor. Where is thy Dutcheſſe now adulterous Duke?
Thou little dreamd'ſt this night ſhee is come to *Rome*?
Flam. How? come to *Rome*, *Vit.* The Dutcheſſe.
Brac. She had bene better,
Cor The liues of Princes ſhould like dyals moue,
Whoſe regular example is ſo ſtrong,
They make the times by them goe right, or wrong.
Flam. So, haue you done? *Cor.* Vnfortunate *Camillo*.
Vit. I do proteſt, if any chaſt deniall,
If any thing but bloud, could haue allayed
His long ſuite to me.
Cor. I will ioyne with thee,
To the moſt wofull end ere mother kneel'd,

If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Be thy life short as are the Funerall teares
In great mens. *Bra.* Fye, fye, the woman's mad.
Cor. Be thy act *Iudas-like*, betray in kissing,
Maiest thou be enuied during his short breath,
And pitied like a wretch after his death.
Vit. O me accurst. *Exit Vittoria.*
Fla. Are you out of your wits, my Lord,
Ile fetch her backe againe? *Bra.* No i'le to bed.
Send Doctor *Iulio* to me presently,
Vncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme,
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harme. *Exit Brachiano.*
Flam. Now, you that stand so much vpon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night thinke you,
To send a Duke home without ere a man?
I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth
Which you haue Whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the leuell
Of my Lords Stirop. *Cor.* What? because we are poore,
Shall we be vitious? *Flam.* Pray what meanes haue you
To keepe me from the Gallies, or the Gallowes:
My father proud himselfe a Gentleman,
Sold all's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me vp,
At *Padua* I confesse, where I protest
For want of meanes, the Vniuersity iudge me,
I haue bene faine to heele my Tutors stockings
At least seuen yeares: Conspiring with a beard,
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes seruice,
I visited the Court, whence I return'd:
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,
But not a suite the richer, and shall I,
Hauing a path so open, and so free
To my preferment, still retaine your milke
In my pale forehead, no, this face of mine
I'le arme and fortifie with lusty wine,

'Gainſt ſhame and bluſhing.
Cor. O that I ne're had borne thee.
Fla. So would I.
I would the common'ſt Curtezan in *Rome*,
Had bene my mother rather then thy ſelfe.
Nature is very pittifull to whores,
To giue them but few children, yet thoſe children
Plurality of fathers, they are ſure
They ſhall not want. Go, go,
Complaine vnto my great Lord Cardinall,
It may be hee will iuſtifie the act.
Lycurgus wondred much, men would prouide
Good ſtallions for their Mares, and yet would ſuffer
Their faire wiues to bee barren.
Cor. Miſery of miſeries. *Exit Cornelia.*
Flam. The Dutcheſſe come to Court? I like not that,
Weare ingag'd to miſchiefe and muſt on.
As Riuers to finde out the Ocean
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes;
Or as we ſee to aſpire ſome mountaines top,
The way aſcends not ſtraight but imitates
The ſubtile foldings of a Winter ſnake;
So who knowes pollicy and her true aſpect,
Shall finde her waies winding, and indirect. *Exit.*

Enter Franciſco de Medicis, Cardinall, Mountcelſo, Marcello, Iſabella, young Giouanni, with little Iaques the Moore.

Fra. Haue you not ſeene your husband ſince you arriued?
Iſa. Not yet Sir. *Fra.* Surely hee is wonderfull kinde;
If I had ſuch a Doue-houſe as *Camillo's*,
I would ſet fire on't, wer't but to deſtroy
The Pole-cats that haunt to't, — my ſweete Couſin.
Gio. Lord vncle you did promiſe me a horſe,
And armour. *Fra.* That I did my pretty Couſin,
Marcello ſee it fitted. *Mar.* My Lord the Duke is here.
Fra. Sifter away, you muſt not yet be ſeene.
Iſa. I doe beſeech you, intreate him mildely,
Let not your rough tongue

Set

Set vs at louder variance, all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I doe not doubt
As men to trie the precious Vnicornes Horne,
Make of the Powder a preseruatiue circle,
And in it put a spider: so these armes
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying,
And keepe him chast from an infected straying.
Fra. I wish it may. Begone. *Exit.*

Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.

Voyd the chamber:
You are Welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord,
Be you my Orator, my hearts too full,
I'le second you anon. *Mont.* E're I beginne,
Let me intreat your Grace forgoe all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.
Bra. As silent as i'th Church you may proceed.
Mont. It is a wonder to your Noble friends,
That you hauing as 'twere entred the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And haue to th'use of Nature, well applyed
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his lauish cuppes,
Is dry, and then is sober: so at length,
When you awake from this lasciuious dreame.
Repentance then will follow; like the Sting
Plac't in the Adders tayle: wretched are Princes
When Fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their vnweldy crownes; or ravisheth
But one pearle from their Scepters: but alas!
When they to wilfull shipwracke loose good fame,
All Princely titles perish with their name.
Bra. You haue sayd my Lord: *Mon.* Enough to giue you tast
How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?
Bra. Now you that are his second, what say you?
Doe not like young Hawkes fetch a course about

Your game flies faire and for you, *Fran.* Doe not feare it:
I'le answere you in your owne hawking phrase.
Some Eagles that should gaze vpon the Sunne,
Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease;
Since they from dunghil birds their prey can ceaze,
You know *Vittoria, Bra.* Yes,
Fran. You shift your shirt there,
When you retire from Tennis. *Brac.* Happely.
Fran. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune
Yet she weares Cloth of Tissue, *Brac.* What of this?
Will you vrge that, my good Lord Cardinall
As part of her confession, at next Shrift,
And know from whence it failes. *Fran.* She is your Strumpet,
Brac. Vnciuill Sir, ther's Hemlocke in thy breath
And that blacke slander, were she a whore of mine,
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers,
Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,
Durst not supplant her. *Fran.* Let's not talke on Thunder,
Thou hast a wife, our sister; would I had giuen
Both her white hands to death, bound, and lockt fast
In her last winding sheete, when I gaue thee
But one. *Brac.* Thou hadst giuen a soule to God then.
Fran. True,
Thy ghostly father with all's absolution,
Shall ne're do so by thee. *Brac.* Spit thy poyson.
Fran. I shall not need, Lust carries her sharpe whippe
At her owne girdle, looke to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts. *Bran.* Thunder? infaith?
They are but crackers. *Frac.* Wee'le end this with the Cannon.
Brac. Thou'lt get nought by it, but iron in thy wounds,
And Gunpowder in thy nosthrils. *Fran* Better that,
Then change perfumes for plaisters, *Brac.* Pitty on thee,
'Twere good yo'ud shew your slaues, or men condemn'd,
Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I'le meete thee,
Euen in a thicket of thy ableſt men.
Mon. My Lord, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. *Fran.* Willingly.

Exit

Brac. Haue you proclaim'd a Triumph that you baite a Lyon thus. *Mon.* My Lord. *Brac.* I am tame, I am tame, Sir

Flam. We send vnto the Duke for conference
Bout leauyes 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home, we come our selfe in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we feare
When Tyber to each proning passenger
Discouers flockes of wild-duckes. then my Lord
'Bout moulting time, I meane, wee shall be certaine
To finde you sure enough, and speake with you. *Brac.* Ha!

Flam. A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle,
Bnt to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason. *Enter Giouanni.*
When Stagges grow melancholike you'le finde the season.

Mon. No more my Lord, here coames a Champion
Shall end the difference betweene you both,
Your sonne, the Prince *Giouanni*; see m' Lords
What hopes you store in him, this is a casket
For both your Crowns, and should be held like deere:
Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know
It is a more direct and euen way,
To traine to vertue those of Princely bloud,
By examples then by precepts: if by examples,
Whom should he rather striue to imitate
Then his owne father: be his patterne then,
Leaue him a stocke of vertue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.

Bra. Your hand boy growing to a souldier. *Gio.* Giue me a pike.

Fran. What practising your Pike so yong Faire Cou·

Gio. Suppose mee one of *Homers* frogges, my Lord,
Tossing my bul-rush thus: pray sir, tell mee
Might not a child of good discretion
Be Leader to an Army: *Fran.* Yes cousin a yong Prince
Of good discretion might. *Gio.* Say you so:
Indeed I haue heard 'tis fit, a Generall
Should not endanger his owne person oft,
So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horsebacke
Like a Danske Drummer, O 'tis Excellent.

Hee

Hee need not fight, me thinkes his horse, as well
Might lead an Army for him; if I liue,
I'le charge the French foe in the very Front
Of all my troupes, the formost man. *Fra.* What, what,
Gio. And will not bid my Souldiers vp, and follow,
But bid them follow me. *Brac.* Forward Lap-wing.
He flies with the shell on's head. *Fran.* Pretty Cousin.
Gio. The first Yeare Vnkle that I go to warre,
All Prisoners that I take, I will set free
Without their ransome. *Fran.* Ha; without their ransome,
How then will you reward your souldiers
That tooke those prisoners for you. *Gio.* Thus my Lord;
I'le marry them to all the Wealthy Widdowes
That fals that Yeare. *Fran.* Why then the next yeare following
You'le haue no men to go with you to warre.
Gio. Why then, I'le presse the women to the War,
And then the men will follow. *Mon.* Witty Prince,
Fran. See a good Habite makes a Child a Man,
Whereas a bad one makes a Man a beast:
Come, you and I are friends. *Bra.* Most wisshedly:
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set
Knit the more strongly. *Cran.* Call *Camillo* hither,
You haue receiued the rumour, how Count *Lodowicke*
Is turn'd a Pirate. *Bra.* Yes. *Fra.* We are now preparing
Some shipes to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse, *Exe. Fr,*
We now will leaue you, and expect from you *Mon. Gion.*
Nothing but kinde intreaty. *Bra.* You haue charm'd mee.
You are in health we see. *Isa.* And aboue health
To see my Lord well. *Bra.* So I wonder much,
What amorous whirlewinde hurryed you to *Rome*?
Isa. Deuotion my Lord. *Bra.* Deuotion?
Is your soule charg'd with any grieuous sinne,
Isa. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke
The oftner that wee cast our reckonings vp,
Our sleepes will be the sounder. *Bra.* Take your chamber.
Isa. Nay my deere Lord, I will not haue you angry,
Doth not my absence from you two moneths,

Merite

Merit one kisse? *Brac.* I do not vse to kisse,
If that will dispossesse your iealousy,
I'le sweare it to you. *Isa.* O my loued Lord,
I do not come to chide; my iealousy?
I am to learne what that *Italian* meanes,
You are as welcome to these longing armes,
As I to you a Virgine. *Brac.* O your breath;
Out vpon sweete meates, and continued Physicke,
The plague is in them. *Isa.* You haue oft for these two lippes
Neglected *Cassia*, or the naturall sweetes
Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much wither'd,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frownes
Shew in a Helmet louely, but on me,
In such a peacefull enterueew me thinkes
They are too to roughly knit. *Bra.* O dissemblance.
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? haue you learn't
The trick of impudent basenes to complaine
Vnto your kindred? *Isa.* Neuer, my deere Lord.
Brac. Must I be haunted out, or wast your trick
To meete some amorous Gallant heere in Rome
That must supply our discontinuance?
Isa. I pray sir, burst my heart, and in my death
Turne to your antient pitty, though not loue.
Bra. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is the great Duke: S'death I shall not shortly
Racket away fiue hundred Crownes at Tennis,
But it shall rest vpon record: I scorne him
Like a shau'd Pollake, all his reuerent Wit
Lies in his wardrope, hee's a discreet fellow,
When hee's made vp in his Roabes of state,
Your brother the great Duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransackes a Turkish fiye-boate,
(Now all the hellish Furies take his soule,)
First made this match, accurst be the Priest
That sang the wedding Masse, and euen my Issue.
Isa. O too too far you haue curst, *Bra.* Your hand I'le kisse,
This is the latest ceremony of my loue,

Hence-forth i'le neuer lye with thee, by this,
This wedding-ring: ile ne're more lye with thee.
And this diuorce shall be as truely kept,
As if the Iudge had doom'd it: fare you well,
Our sleeps are seuer'd. *Isa.* Forbid it the sweet vnion
Of all things blessed; why the Saints in Heauen
Will knit their browes at that. *Bra.* Let not thy loue,
Make thee an vnbeleeuer, this my vow,
Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed. *Isa.* O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly, deere my Lord,
Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,
Neuer. *Bra.* Neuer?
Isa O my vnkind Lord, may your sins find mercy,
As I vpon a woefull widowed bed,
Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes,
Vpon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,
Yet that in time you'l fixe them vpon Heauen.
Bra. No more, goe, goe, complaine to the great Duke
Isa. No my deere Lord, you shall haue present witnesse,
How i'le worke peace betweene you, I will make
My selfe the author of your cursed vow,
I haue some cause to doe it, you haue none;
Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale
Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes
Of such a separation; let the fault
Remaine with my supposed icalousy,
And thinke with what a pittious and rent heart,
I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Montelso, Marcello, Camillo.

Bra. Well, take your course my honorable brother.
Fra. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,
She merits not this welcome. *Bra.* Welcome say?
She hath giuen a sharpe welcome. *Fra.* Are you fooliſh?
Come dry your teares, is this a modest course?

To

To better what is naught, to raile and weepe
Grow to a reconcilement, or by heauen,
I'le ne're more deale betweene you. *Isa.* Sir you shall not,
Noe, though *Vittoria* vpon that condition
Would become honest. *Fra.* Was your husband loud,
Since we departed. *Isa.* By my life sir noe,
I sweare by that I do not care to loose.
Are all these ruines of my former beauty,
Laid out for a whores triumph? *Fra.* Do you heare?
Looke vpon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what iustice
They study to requite them, take that course.
Isa. O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions. *Fra.* What? turn'd Fury?
Isa. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye
Some twenty monthes a dying, to cut off
Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserue her flesh like *Mummie* for trophies
Of my iust anger; Hell to my affliction
Is meere snow-water, by your fauour sir,
Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinall,
Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,
Hence-forth i'le neuer lye with you, by this,
This wedding-ring. *Fra.* How? nere more lie with him?
Isa. And this diuorce shall be as truely kept,
As if in thronged Court, a thousand eares
Had heard it; and a thousand Lawyers hands,
Seal'd to the separation. *Bra.* Nere lie with me?
Isa. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an vnbeleeuer, this my vow
Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied
With my repentance; *manet alta mente repostum.*
Fra. Now by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And iealous woman. *Bra.* You see 'tis not my seeking.
Fra. Was this your circle of pure Vnicornes horne,
You sayd should charme your Lord? now hornes vpon thee,

For iealousy deserues them, keepe your vow,
And take your chamber. *Isa.* No sir I'le presently to *Padua*,
I will not stay a minute. *Mont.* O good Madame.

Brac. 'Twere best to let her haue her humour,
Some halfe daies iourney will bring downe her stomacke,
And then shee'l turne in post. *Fran.* To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.

„ *Isa.* Vnkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,
„ Those are the killing greifes, which dare not speake. *Exit.*

Mar. *Camillo's* come my Lord. *Enter Camillo.*

Fran. Where's the commission? *Mar.* 'Tis here.

Fran. Giue me the Signet.

Flam. My Lord do you marke their whispering; I will compound a medicine out of their two heades, stronger then garlick, deadlier then stibium, the Cantharides which are scarce seene to sticke vpon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or inuisible cunning. *Enter Doctor.*

Brac. About the murder.

Flam. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'le send him to *Candy*, her's another property to. *Brac.* O the Doctor,

Fla. A poore quackesaluing knaue, my Lord, one that should haue beene lasht for's letchery, but that he confest a iudgement, had an execution laid vpon him, and so put the whip to a *non-plus*

Doct. And was cosin'd, my Lord, by an arranter knaue then my selfe, and made pay all the colourable execution.

Flam. He will shoot pils into a mans guts, shall make them haue more ventages then a cornet or a lamprey, hee will poyson a kisse, and was once minded for his Master-peece, because *Ireland* breeds no poyson, to haue prepared a deadly vapour in a *Spaniards* fart that should haue poisond all *Dublin*.

Brac. O Saint *Anthonies* fire:

Doct. Your Secretary is merry, my Lord.

Flam. O thou curst antipathy to nature! looke, his eyes bloud-shed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with, let me embrace thee tod, & loue thee: o thou abhominable lothsome gargarisme, that will fetch vp lungs, lights, heart, and liuer

by

ſcruples.

Brac. No more: I muſt employ thee honeſt Doctor.
You muſt to *Padua*, and by the way, vſe ſome of your skil for vs.

Doc. Sir I ſhall, *Brac.* But for *Camillo*?

Flam. He dies this night by ſucha politicke ſtraine,
Men ſhall ſuppoſe him by's owne engine ſlaine.
But for your Dutcheſſes death. *Doct.* I'le make her ſure.

Brac. Small miſchiefes are by greater made ſecure.

Flam. Remember this you ſlaue; when knaues come to preferment, they riſe as gallouſes are raiſed i'th low countries, one vpon another ſhoulders. *Exeunt.*

Mont. Here is an Embleme, Nephew, pray peruſe it.
'Twas throwne in at your window. *Cam.* At my window?
Here is a Stag my Lord hath ſhed his hornes,
And for the loſſe of them the poore beaſt weepes,
The word: *Inopem me copia fecit.* *Mon.* That is:
Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.

Cam. What ſhould this meane? *Mon.* Ile tell you, 'tis giuen out
You are a Cuckold. *Cam.* It is giuen out ſo.
I had rather ſuch report, as that my Lord
Should keepe within doores. *Fran.* Haue you any children?

Car. None my Lord. *Fra.* You are the happier:
Ile tell you a tale. *Cam.* Pray my Lord. *Fran.* An old tale.
Vpon a time *Phœbus* the God of light,
Or him wee call the Sunne, would needs be married:
The Gods gaue their conſent, and *Mercury*
Was ſent, to voice it to the generall world.
But what a pitious cry their ſtraight aroſe
Amongſt Smiths, & Felt-makers, Brewers & Cooks,
Reapers, and Butter-women, amongſt Fiſhmongers
And thouſand other trades, which are annoyed
By his exceſſiue heate; t'was lamentable:
They came to *Iupiter* all in a ſweat,
And do forbid the Banes; a great fat Cooke
Was made their Speaker, who intreates of *Ioue*,
That *Phœbus* might bee gelded, for if now
When there was but one Sunne, ſo many men,

Were like to periſh by his violent heate.
What ſhould they doe if he were married,
And ſhould beget more, and thoſe children
Make Fire-workes like their father, ſo ſay I;
Onely I will apply it to your wife,
Her iſſue, ſhould not Prouidence preuent it,
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.
Mon. Looke you Couſin.
Goe, change the aire for ſhame, ſee if your abſence
Will blaſt your *Cornucopia*; *Marcello*
Is choſen with you ioynt-commiſſioner,
For the relieuing our Italian coaſt
From Pirats. *Mar.* I am much honor'd in't. *Cam.* But ſir,
Ere I returne, the Stagges hornes may bee ſprouted,
Greater then thoſe are ſhed. *Mon.* Do not feare it,
I'le be your Ranger. *Cam.* You muſt watch i'th nights,
Then's the moſt danger. *Fra.* Farewell good *Marcello*.
All the beſt fortunes of a Souldiers wiſh,
Bring you a ſhip-board.
Cam. Were I not beſt, now I am turn'd Souldier,
E're that I leaue my wife, ſell all ſhee hath,
And then take leaue of her. *Mon.* I expect good from you,
Your parting is ſo merry.
Cam. Merry my Lord? a'th Captaines humor right,
I am reſolued to be drunke this night. *Exit.*
Fra. So, 'twas well fitted; now ſhall we diſcerne,
How his wiſh't abſence will giue violent way
To Duke *Brachiano's* luſt. *Mon.* Why that was it;
To what ſcorn'd purpoſe elſe ſhould we make choiſe
Of him for a Sea-Captaine; and beſides,
Count *Lodowicke* which was ruinor'd for a Pirate,
Is now in *Padua*. *Fra.* Is't true? *Mon.* Moſt certaine.
I haue letters from him, which are ſuppliant
To worke his quicke repeale from baniſhment,
Hee meanes to addreſſe himſelfe for penſion,
Vnto our ſiſter Dutcheſſe. *Fra.* O 'twas well.
We ſhall not want his abſence paſt ſixe dayes,

I faine would haue the Duke *Brachiano* run
Into notorious ſcandall, for their's naught
In ſuch curſt dotage to repaire his name,
Onely the deepe ſence of ſome deathleſſe ſhame.
Mon. It may be obiected I am diſhonorable,
To play thus with my kinſman, but I anſwere,
For my reuenge I'de ſtake a brothers life,
That being wrong'd durſt not auenge himſelfe.
Fra. Come to obſerue this ſtrumpet. *Mon.* Curſe of greatnes!
Sure hee'le not leaue her. *Fra.* There's ſmall pitty in't,
Like miſtle-tow on ſeare Elmes ſpent by weather,
Let him cleaue to her, and both rot together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brachiano *with one in the Habite of a Coniurer.*

Bra. Now ſir I claime your promiſe, 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefix't to ſhew me by your art,
How the intended murther of *Camillo*,
And our loathed Dutcheſſe grow to action.
Con. You haue won me by your bounty to a deed,
I do not often practiſe: ſome there are,
Which by Sophiſtike trickes, aſpire that name
Which I would gladly looſe, of Necromancer;
As ſome that vſe to iuggle vpon cardes,
Seeming to coniure, when indeed they cheate:
Others that raiſe vp their confederate ſpirits
Bout wind-mils, and indanger there owne neckes,
For making of a ſquib: and ſome their are
Will keepe a curtall to ſhew iuggling trickes,
And giue out 'tis a ſpirit: beſides theſe,
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellowes indeed that onely liue by ſtealth,
Since they do meerely lie about ſtolne goods,
Thei'd make men thinke the Diuell were faſt and looſe,
With ſpeaking fuſtian Latine: pray, ſit downe,
Put on this night-cap ſir, 'tis charm'd, and now
Ile ſhew you by my ſtrong commanding art
The circumſtance that breakes your Dutcheſſe heart.

Enter

A Dumbe Shevv.

Enter suspiciously Iulio *and* Christophero, *they draw a curtaine where* Brachian's *picture is, they put on spectacles of glasse, which couer their eyes and noses, and then burne perfumes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing*
Enter Isabella *in her night gowne as to bed-ward, with light after her Count* Lodouico, Giouanni, Guid-antonio, *and others waighting on her, shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe's three reuerences to it, and kisses it thrice, shee faints and will not suffer them to come nere it, dies, sorrow expresst in* Giouanni *and in Count* Lodouico. *shees conueid out solemnly.*

Brac. Excellent! then shee's dead, *Con.* She's poysoned,
By the fum'd pictnre, 'twas her custome nightly,
Before shee went to bed, to go and visite
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes
On the dead shadow: Doctor *Iulio*
Obseruing this, infects it with an oile,
And other poison'd stuffe, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits *Brat.* Me thought I saw,
Count *Lodowicke* there *Con.* He was, and by my Art.
I finde hee did most passionately doate
Vpon your Dutchesse, now turne another way,
And veiw *Camillo's* farre more politicke face,
Strike louder musicke from this charmed ground,
To yeeld, as fits the Act, a Tragicke sound.

The Second Dumbe Shevv.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, *with foure more as Captaines; they drinke healths, and dance, a vaulting horse is brought into the roome,* Marcello *and two more whisper'd out of the roome, while* Flamineo *&* Camillo *strip themselues into their shirts, as to vault, they complement who shall beginne: as* Camillo *is about to vault,* Flamineo *pitcheth him vpō his necke, and with the help of the rest, wriths his necke about, seeme's to see if it be broke & laies him folded double as 'twere vnder the horse, makes showes to call for halpe,*

Marcello

Marcello *comes in, laments, sends for the* Cardinall *and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonders at the act, commands the body to be carried home, apprehends* Flamineo, Marcello, *and the rest, and goes as 'twere to apprehend* Vittoria.

Brac. 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance
I tast not fully. *Con.* O 'twas most apparant,
You saw them enter charged with their deepe healthes
To their boone voyage, and to second that,
Flamineo cals to haue a vaulting horse
Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,
Is innocently plotted forth the roome,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you
The engine of all. *Mar.* It seemes *Marcello*, and *Flamineo*
Are both committed. *Con.* Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your Mistresse, faire *Vittoria*; wee are now
Beneath her roofe: 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some backe posterne: *Brac.* Noble friend,
You bind me euer to you, this shall stand
As the firme seale annexed to my hand. *Exit. Brac.*
It shall inforce a payment. *Con.* Sir, I thanke you.
Both flowers and weedes spring, when the Sunne is warme,
And Great men do great good, or ells great harme. *Exit Con.*

Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor and Register.

Bran. You haue dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence
Of all the graue Leiger Embassadours
To heare *Vittoria's* triall. *Mon.* 'Twas not ill
For sir yon know we haue naught bnt circumstances
To charge her with, about her husbands death;
Their approbation therefore to the proofes
Of her blacke lust, shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring Kingdomes, I wonder (pable.
If *Brachiano* will be here. *Fra.* O fye! 'twere impudence too pal-

Enter Flamineo, and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

Law. What are you in by the weeke, so, I will try now

whither thy wit be close prisoner, mee think's none should sit vpon thy sister, but old whore-masters.

Fla. Or cuckolds, for your cuckold is your most terrible tickler of letchery: whore-masters would serue: for none are Iudges at tilting, but those that haue bin old Tilters.

Law. My Lord Duke and she haue bin very priuate.

Fla. You are a dull asse, 'tis threatned they haue bin very publike.

Law. If it can be prooued they haue but kist one another.

Fla. What then? *Law.* My Lord Cardinall will ferret them.

Fla. A Cardinall I hope, will not catch conies.

Law. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is to reape letchery, and I am sure, a woman that will endure kissing is halfe won.

Fla. True, her vpper part by that rule; if you will win her nether part too, you know what followes.

Law. Harke the Embassadours are lighted.

Fla. I do put, on this feigned Garbe of mirth,
To gall suspition.

Mar. O my vnfortunate sister!
I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw *Brachiano*: you'tis sayd,
Were made his engine, and his stalking horse
To vndoe my sister. *Fla.* I am a kinde of path
To her, and mine owne preferment. *Mar.* Your ruine.

Fla. Hum! thou art a Souldier,
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,
As witches doe their seruiceable spirits,
Euen with thy prodigall blood: what hast got?
But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull,
Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold water,
Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward
Steales through thy fingers. *Mar.* Sir.

Fla. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes. *Mar.* Brother.

Fla. Heare me,
And thus when we haue euen powred our selues,

Into

Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward:
But as we seldome finde the mistle-towe
Sacred to Phisicke: Or the builder Oke,
Without a Mandrake by it; so in our quest of gaine:
Alas the poorest of their forc'd disshes
Are a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes:
This is lamented doctrine. *Mar.* Come, come.
Fla. When age shall turne thee
White, as a blooming hauthorne. *Mar.* I'le interrupt you.
For loue of vertue beare an honest heart,
And stride ouer euery politike respect,
Which where they most aduance, they most infect.
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leaue you *Enter Sauoy.*
A better patrimony. *Fla.* I'le thinke on't. The Lord Embassadors
Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadeurs ouer the Stage seuerally. Enter French Embassadours.
Law. O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, hee's an admirable Tilter.
Fla. I saw him at last Tilting, hee shewed like a peuter candlesticke, fashioned like a man in armour; holding a Tilting staffe in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelue i'th pound.
Law. O, but hee's an excellent horseman,
Fla. A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepes a horsebacke like a poulter, *Enter English and Spanish.*
Law. Lo you my *Spaniard*.
Fla. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I haue seene a seruingman carry glasses in a Cipres-hatband, monstrous steddy for feare of breaking. He lookes, like the claw of a Blacke-bird, first salted, and then broiled in a candle, *Exeunt.*

The Arraignement of *Vittoria*.

Enter Francisco, Monticelso, *the fixe Lieger Embassadours.* Brachiano, Vittoria, Isabella, *Lawyer, and a guard.*

Mon. Forbeare my Lord, here is no place assing'd you,
This businesse by his holynesse, is left
To your examination.

Bra. May it thriue with you. *Laies a rich gowne vnder him.*
Fra. A Chaire there for his Lordſhip.
Bra. Forbeare your kindneſſe, an vnbidden gueſt
Should trauaile as dutch-women goe to Church:
Beare their ſtooles with them. *Mon.* At your pleaſure ſir,
Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior,
Fall to your plea.
Law. Domine Iudex conuerte oculos in hanc peſtem mulierum corruptiſſimam. *Vit.* What's he?
Fra. A Lawyer, that pleades againſt you.
Vit. Pray my Lord, let him ſpeake his vſuall tongue,
Ile make no anſwere elſe. *Fra.* Why you vnderſtand Latine.
Vit. I doe ſir, but amongſt this auditory
Which come to heare my cauſe, the halfe or more
May be ignorant in't. *Mon.* Goe on ſir.
Vit. By your fauour,
I will not haue my accuſation clouded
In a ſtrange tongue: All this aſſembly
Shall heare what you can charge me with. *Fra.* Signior,
You need not ſtand on't much; pray, change your language.
Mon. Oh for God ſake: gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.
Law. Well then haue at you.
Vit. I am at the marke ſir, ile giue aime to you,
And tell you how neere you ſhoote.
Law. Moſt literated Iudges, pleaſe your Lordſhips,
So to conniue your iudgements to the veiwe
Of this debauſht, and diuerſiuolent woman,
Who ſuch a concatenation
Of miſchiefe hath effected, that to extirpe
The memory of't, muſt bee the conſummation
Of her, and her proiections. *Vit.* What's all this?
Law. Hold your peace.
Exorbitant ſiunes muſt haue exuleeration.
Vit. Surely my Lords, this lawyer hath ſwallowed
Some Apothecaries bils, or proclamations;
And now the hard, and vndigeſtable words,

Come

Come vp like ſtones we vſe giue Haukes for phiſicke.
Why this is welch to Latine. *Law.* My Lords, the woman
Know's not her Tropes, nor is perfect
In the Academick deriuation
Or Grammaticall elocution, *Fra.* ſir, your paines
Shall be well ſpared, and your deepe eloquence
Be worthily applauded among thoſe
Which vnderſtand you. *Law.* My good Lord. *Fra.* Sir,
Put vp your papers in your fuſtian bag, *Franciſco ſpeakes this*
Cry mercy ſir, 'tis buckeram, and accept *as in ſcorne.*
My notion of your learn'd verboſity.
Law. I moſt graduatically thanke your Lordſhip.
I ſhall haue vſe for them elſewhere.
Mon. I ſhall be playner with you, and paint out
Your follies in more naturall red and white,
Then that vpon your cheeke. *Vit.* O you miſtake,
You raiſe a blood as noble in this cheeke
As euer was your mothers.
Mon. I muſt ſpare you, till proofe cry whore to that;
Obſerue this creature here my honoured Lords,
A woman of a moſt prodigious ſpirit
In her effected. *Vit.* My honorable Lord,
It doth not ſute a reuerend Cardinall
To play the Lawyer thus.
Mon. Oh your trade inſtructs your language!
You ſee my Lords what goodly fruite ſhe ſeemes,
Yet like thoſe apples trauellers report
To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* ſtood.
I will but touch her, and you ſtraight ſhall ſee,
Shee'le fall to foote and aſhes.
Vit. Your inuenom'd Aporhecary ſhould doo't
Mon. I am reſolued.
Were there a ſecond paradice to looſe,
This Diuell would betray it. *Vit.* O poore charity!
Thou art ſeldome found in ſcarlet.
Mon. Who knowes not how, when ſeuerall night by night
Her gates were choak't with coaches, and her roomes.

Out-brau'd the Stars with seuerall kinde of lights,
When she did counterfet a Princes Court.
In Musicke, Banquets, and most ryotous surfets:
This whore forsooth was holy.
Vit. Ha? whore? what's that?
Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall;
Ile giue their perfect character. They are first:
Sweete meates which rot the eater: In mans nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are cozning Alchimy,
Shipwrackes In calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true materiall fire of Hell,
Worse then those tributes i'th Low-Countries payd,
Exactions vpon meat, drinke, garments, sleepe.
I euen on mans perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle Euidences of law
Which forfeite all a wretched mans estate
For leauing out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering Bels haue all one tune.
At weddings and at funerals, your rich whores
Are onely treasuries by extortion fild,
And emptied by curs'd ryot. They are worse,
Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at th'gallowes,
And wrought vpon by Surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. Whats a whore?
Shee's like the gilt counterfeted coine,
Which who so ere first stampes it, brings in trouble
All that receiue it. *Vit.* This character scapes me.
Mon. You gentlewoman?
Take from all beastes, and from all minerals
Their deadly poison: *Vit.* Well what then? *Mon.* Ile tell thee,
Ile finde in thee an Apothecaries shop,
To sample them all. *F. Emb.* Shee hath liued ill,
E. Emb. True, but the Cardinal's too bitter.
Mon. You know what Whore is next the Diuell; adultery,
Enters the Diuell, murder. *Fra.* Your vnhappy husband

Is dead. *Vit.* O hee's a happy husband,
Now heowes Nature nothing.
Fra. And by a vaulting engine. *Mon.* An actiue plot,
He iumpt into his graue. *Fra.* What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yardes high a slender man (more,
Should breake his necke? *Mon.* Ith'rushes. *Fra.* And what's
Vpon the instant, loose all vse of speech,
All vitall motion, like a man had layen
Wound vp three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.
Mon. And looke vpon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widdow: she comes arm'd
With scorne and impudence: Is this a mourning habit?
Vit. Had I foreknowne his death as you suggest,
I would haue bespoke my mourning.
Mon. O you are cunning.
Vit. You shame your wit, and iudgement,
To call it sue; what, is my iust defence
By him that is my iudge cal'd impudence?
Let me appeale then from this Christian Court
To the vnciuill Tartar. *Mon.* See my Lords,
Shee scandals our proceedings. *Vit.* Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy, and respected
Leiger Embassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence of force like *Perseus*,
Must personate masculine vertue to the point.
Finde mee but guilty, seuer head from body:
Wee'l part good friends: I scorne to hold my life
At yours, or any mans intreaty, sir.
E. Emb. She hath a braue spirit.
Mon. Well, well, such counterfet Iewels
Make true ones oft suspected. *Vit.* You are deceiued.
For know, that all your strict combined heades
Which strike against this Mine of Diamondes,
Shall proue but glassen hammers, they shall breake,
These are but faigned shaddowes of my euils.

Terrified

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted Deuils,
I am paſt ſuch needleſſe palſy, for your names,
Of Whore and Murdreſſe they proceed from you,
As if a man ſhould ſpit againſt the wind,
The filth returne's in's face.

Mon. Pray yon Miſtreſſe, ſatisfy me one queſtion:
Who lodg'd beneath your roofe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke? *Bra.* That queſtion
Inforceth me breake ſilence, I was there.

Mont. Your buſineſſe? *Brac.* Why I came to comfort her,
And take ſome courſe for ſetling her eſtate,
Becauſe I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lord. *Mont.* He was.

Brac. And 'twas ſtrangely fear'd,
That you would coſen her. *Mont.* Who made you overſeer?

Brac. Why, my charity, my charity, which ſhould flow
From euery generous and noble ſpirit,
To orphans and to widdows. *Mont.* Your luſt.

Bra. Cowardly dogs barke loudeſt. Sirrah Prieſt,
Ile talke with you hereafter, —— Doe you heare?
The ſword you frame of ſuch an excellent temper,
Ile ſheath in your owne bowels:
There are a number of thy coate reſemble
Your common poſt-boyes *Mont.* Ha?

Brac. Your mercenary poſt boyes:
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guiſe
To fill your mouths with groſſe and impudent lies.

Ser. My Lord, your gowne.

Brac. Thou lieſt 'twas my ſtoole.
Beſtow't vpon thy maiſter, that will challenge
The reſt a'th houſhold-ſtuffe, for *Brachiano*
Was nere ſo beggarly, to take a ſtoole
Out of anothers lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,
For his moſt reuerent moile, *Monticelſo*;
Nemo me impune laceſſit. *Exit Brachiano.*

Mont. Your Champions gon.

Vit.

Vit. The wolfe may prey the better.
Fra. My Lord there's great ſuſpition of the murder,
But no ſound proofe who did it: for my part
I doe not thinke ſhe hath a ſoule ſo blacke
To act a deed ſo bloudy, if ſhe haue
As in cold countries husbandmen plant Vines,
And with warme blood manure them, euen ſo
One ſummer ſhe will beare vnſauory fruite,
And ere next ſpring wither both branch and roote.
The act of bloud let paſſe, onely deſcend,
To matter of incontinence. *Vit.* I decerne poiſon,
Vnder your guilded pils.
Mon. Now the Duke's gon. I will produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, her and you ſhould meete,
At an Apothecaries ſummer-houſe.
Downe by the riuer Tiber: view't my Lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heate
Of a laſciuious banquet. — I pray read it,
I ſhame to ſpeake the reſt. *Vit.* Grant I was tempted
Temptation to luſt proues not the act,
Caſta eſt quam nemo rogauit,
You reade his hot loue to me, but you want
My frosty anſwere. *Mon.* Froſti'th dog-dayes! ſtrange!
Vit. Condeme you me for that the Duke did loue me
So may you blame ſome faire and chriſtall riuer
For that ſome melancholike diſtracted man,
Hath drown'd himſelfe in't. *Mon.* Truly drown'd indeed.
Vit. Summe vp my faults I pray, and you ſhall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good ſtomacke to feaſt, are all,
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with:
In faith my Lord you might goe piſtall flies,
The ſport would be more noble. *Mon.* Very good.
Vit. But take you your courſe, it ſeemes you haue begger'd me
And now would faine vndoe me. I haue houſes, (firſt
Iewels, and a poore remnant of Cruſado's,
Would thoſe would make you charitable. *Mon.* If the Diuill
Did euer take good ſhape behold his picture.

Vit. You haue one vertue left,
You will not flatter me. *Fra.* Who brought this letter?
Vit. I am not compel'd to tell you.
Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,
The twelfth of August. *Vit.* 'Twas to keepe your Cousin
From prison, I paid vse for't. *Mon.* I rather thinke,
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vit. Who saies so but your selfe? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my Iudge; come from the Bench,
Giue in your euidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be Moderators: My Lord Cardinall;
Were your intelligencing eares as louing
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,
I'le giue you a choake peare. *Vit.* A' your owne grafting?
Mon. You were borne in *Venice*, honourably descended
From the *Vittelli*; 'twas my Cousins fate,
Ill may I name the houre to marry you,
Hee bought you of your father. *Vit.* Ha?
Mon. He spent there in sixe monthes
Twelue thousand Duckets, and to my acquaintance,
Receiu'd in dowry with you not one *Iulio*.
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you haue continued. *Vit.* My Lord.
Mon. Nay heare me,
You shall haue time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*:
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary, and Ryalto talke,
And ballated, and would bee plaid o'th stage,
But that vice many times findes such lou'd friends.
That Preachers are charm'd silent.
You Gentlemen *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

Onely

Onely you muſt remaine vpon your ſureties,
For your appearance. *Fra.* I ſtand for *Marcello.*
Fla. And my Lord Duke for me.
Mon. For you *Vittoria*, your publike fault,
Ioyn'd to 'th condition of the preſent time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pitty:
Such a corrupted triall haue you made
Both of your life and beauty, and bene ſtil'd
No leſſe an ominous fate, then Blazing Starres
To Princes, heare your ſentence, you are confin'd,
Vit. Vnto a houſe of conuerts and your baud.
Fla. Who I? *Mon.* The *Moore*,
Fla. O, I am a ſound man againe.
Vit. A houſe of conuerts, what's that?
Mon. A houſe of penitent whores.
Vit. Do the Noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wiues, that I am ſent
To lodge there? *Fra.* You muſt haue patience.
Vit. I muſt firſt haue vengeance.
I faine would know if you haue your ſaluation
By patent, that you proceed thus. *Mon.* Away with her,
Take her hence. *Vit.* A rape. a rape. *Mon.* How?
Vit. Yes, you haue rauiſh't Iuſtice,
Forc't her to do your pleaſure. *Mon.* Fye ſhee's mad,
Vit. Dye with theſe pils in your moſt curſed mawe
Should bring you health, or while you ſit o'th Beneh,
Let your owne ſpittle choake you. *Mon.* Shee's turn'd Fury.
Vit. That the laſt day of iudgement may ſo finde you
And leaue you the ſame deuill you were before;
Inſtruct me ſome good horſe-leach to ſpeake treaſon,
For ſince you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O womans poore reuenge
Which dwels but in the tongue I will not weepe,
No I do ſcorne to call vp one poore teare
To fawne on your iniuſtice, beare me hence,
Vnto this houſe of what's your mitigating Tittle?
Mon. Of conuerts. *Vit.* It ſhall not bee a houſe of conuerts

My minde ſhall make it honeſter to me
Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable
Then thy ſoule, though thou art a Cardinall,
Know this, and let it ſomewhat raiſe your ſpight,
Through darkeneſſe Diamons ſpred their richeſt light.
Enter Brachiano. *Exit Vittoria.*

Bra. Now you and I are friends ſir, wee'l ſhake hands,
In a friends graue, together, a fit place,
Being the embleme of ſoft peace t'attone our hatred.

Fra. Sir, what's the matter?

Bar. I will not chaſe more blood from that lov'd cheeke,
You haue loſt too much already, fare-you-well.

Fra. How ſtrange theſe words ſound? what's the interpretatiõ?

Fla. Good, this is a preface to the diſcouery of the Dutches death: Hee carries it well: becauſe now I cannot counterfeit a whining paſſion for the death of my Lady, I will fayne a mad humor for the diſgrace of my ſiſter, and that will keepe off idle queſtions. Treaſons tongue with a villanous palſie in't, I will talk to any man, heare no man, and for the time appeare a polliticke mad-man. *Enter Giouanni, Count Lodouico.*

Fra. How now my Noble couſin, what in blacke?

Gio. Yes Vncle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue and you muſt imitate me
In coloures of your garments, my ſweete mother
Is. *Fra.* How? Where?

Gio. Is there no yonder, indeed ſir i'le not tell you,
For I ſhall make you weepe. *Fra.* Is dead.

Gio. Doe not blame me now,
I did not tell you ſo. *Lod.* Shee's dead my Lord.

Fra. Dead? *Mon.* Bleſſed Lady;
Thou art now aboue thy woes,
Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhips to with-draw a little.

Gio. What do the dead do, vncle? do they eate,
Heare muſicke, goe a hunting, and be merry, as we that liue?

Fra. No coſe; they ſleepe.

Gio. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I haue not ſlept theſe ſixe nights. When doe they wake?

Fra

Fran. When God ase.
Good God let her sl er.
Gio. For I haue kn r wake an hundreth nights,
When all the pillow, ee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with s. I am to complaine to you Sir.
Ile tell you how they ed her now shees dead:
They wrapet her in a ruc ould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her. *Fran.* Thou didst loue her.
Gio. I haue often heard hsr say shee gaue mee sucke,
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lou'd mee,
Since Princes seldome doe it.
Bran. O, all of my poore sister that remaines!
Take him away for Gods sake. *Mon.* How now my Lord?
Bran. Beleeue mee I am nothing but her graue,
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flamineo as distracted.*
Fra. Wee indure the strokes like anuiles or hard steele,
Till paine it selfe make vs no paine to feele.
Who shall doe mee right now? Is this the end of seruice? Ide rather go weede garlicke; trauaile through France, and be mine owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke of blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars in Poland, *Enter Sauoy*
Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice, built vpon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had seru'd *Brachiano.*
Sau. You must haue comfort.
Fla. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They relliſh well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they haue wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seeme to doe it of malice In this a Polititian imitates the deuill, as the deuill imitates a Canon. Wheresoeuer he comes to doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside towardes you.
Enter the French.
Fre. The proofes are euident.
Fla. Proofe! t'was corruption. O Gold, what a God art thou! and O man, what a deuill art thou to be tempted by that

curſed Minerall! You diuerſiuolent Lawyer; marke him, knaues turne informers, as maggots turne to flies, you may catch gudgeons with either. A Cardinall! I would hee would heare mee, there's nothing ſo holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it, like victuals vnder the Line, You are happie in England, my Lord; here they ſell iuſtice wirh thoſe weights they preſſe men to death with. O horrible ſalarie!

Eng. Fie, fie. *Flamineo.*

Fla. Bels nere ring well, till they are at their full pitch,
And I hope, yon Cardinall ſhall neuer haue the grace to pray well, till he come to the ſcaffold.

If they were rackt now to know the confederacie! But your Noblemen are priuiledg'd from the racke; and well may; For a little thing would pull ſome of them a peeces, afore they came to their arraignement. Religion; oh how it is commeddled with policie. The firſt bloudſhed in the world happened about religion. Would I were a Iew. *Mar.* O, there are too many.

Fla. You are deceiu'd. There are not Iewes enough; Prieſts enough, nor gentlemen enough. *Mar.* How?

Fla. Ile proue it, For if there were Iewes enough, ſo many Chriſtians wou'd not turne Vſurers; if Prieſts enough, one ſhould not haue ſixe Benefices; and if Gentlemen enough, ſo many earlie muſhromes, whoſe beſt growth ſprang from a dunghill, ſhould not aſpire to Gentilitie. Farewell. Let others liue by begging, Bee thou one of them; practize the art of *Wolnor* in England to ſwallow all's giuen thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in a ſaw-pit. Ile go heare the ſcritch-owle. *Exit.*

Lod. This was *Brachiano's* Pandar, and 'tis ſtrange
That in ſuch open, and apparant guilt
Of his adulterous ſiſter, hee dare vtter
So ſcandalous a paſſion. I muſt wind him. *Enter Flamineo.*

Fla. How dares this baniſh't Count returne to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchaſt? I haue heard
The deceaſt Dutcheſſe gaue him penſion,
And that hee came along from Padua
I'th' traine of the yong Prince. There's ſomewhat in't.

Phiſitians

Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke
With counter-poysons.
Mar. Marke this strange encounter.
Fla. The God of Melancholy turne thy gall to poyson,
And let the stigmaticke wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waues in a rough tide
One still ouertake another. *Lod.* I doe thanke thee,
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake,
The Dog-daies all yeare long.
Fla. How croakes the Rauen?
Is our good Dutchesse dead? *Lod.* Dead. *Fla.* O fate!
Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,
Huddle vpon huddle. *Lod.* Shalt thou and I ioyne house-keeping?
Fla. Yes content.
Let's be vnsociably sociable.
Lod. Sit some three dayes together, and discourse.
Fla. Onely with making faces;
Lie in our clothes. *Lod.* With faggots for our pillowes.
Fla. And bee lowsie.
Lod. In taffeta lininges; that's Gentile melancholy,
Sleepe all day. *Fla.* Yes: and like your melancholy hare
Feed after midnight.
We are obserued: see how yon couple grieue.
Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,
As if man were created to no vse
But onely to shew his teeth. *Fla.* Ile tell thee what,
It would doe well instead of looking glasses,
To set ones face each morning by the sawcer
Of a witches congealed blood. *Lod.* Pretious gue.
Wee'l neuer part. *Fla.* Neuer, till the beggery of Courtiers,
The discontent of Church-men, want of Souldiers
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie
Of fortunes wheele, be taught in our two liues *Enter Antonelli.*
To scorne that world which life of meanes depriues.
An. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on's death-bed,
At th'earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence.

Hath

Hath sign'd your pardon, and re stor'd vnto yet
Lod. I thanke you for your new es. Looke vp again
Flamineo, see my pardon. *Fla.* Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our couenant. *Lod.* Why?
Flam. You shall not seeme a happier man then I,
You know our vowe sir, if you will be merry,
Do it i'th like posture, as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed:
Though it be very letchery vnto thee,
Doo't with a sabby Polititians face.
Lod. Your sister is a damnable whore. *Fla.* Ha?
Lod. Looke you; I spake that laughing.
Fla. Dost euer thinke to speake againe?
Lod. Do you heare?
Wil't sell me fourty ounces of her blood,
To water a mandrake? *Fla.* Poore Lord, you did vow
To liuea lowzy creature. *Lod.* Yes; *Fla.* Like one
That had for euer forfaited the day light,
By being in debt. *Lod.* Ha, ha!
Fla. I doe not greatly wonder you doe breake
Your Lordship learn't long since. But ile tell you,
Lod, What? *Fla* And't shall sticke by you.
Lod. I long for it.
Fla. This laughter scuruily becomes your face,
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *strikes him.*
See now I laugh too.
Mar. You are to blame, ile force you hence.
Lod. Vnhande me: *Exit Mar. & Fla.*
That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe,
Vpon a pandar. *Ant.* My Lord.
Lod. H' had bin as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.
Gas. How this shewes!
Lod. Vds'death, how did my sword misse him?
These rogues that are most weary of their liues,
Still scape the greatest dangers.
A pox vpon him: all his reputation;
Nay all the goodnesse of his family;

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.
I learn't it of no Fencer to shake thus;
Come, I'le forget him, and goe drink some wine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco and Momiselso.

Mon. Come, come my Lord vntie yous foulded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a Brides haire.
Your sister's poysoned.

Fra. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke reuenge.

Mon. What, are you turn'd all marble?

Fra. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre
Most burthensome on my poore subiects neckes,
Which at my will I haue not power to end?
You know: for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of warre,
He that vniustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall finde it in his graue, and in his seed.

Mon. That's not the course Id'e wish you: pray, obserue me,
We see that vndermining more preuailes
Then doth the Canon. Beare your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Camel
Stalke o're your back vnbruis'd: sleep with the Lyon,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th'bloudy audit, and the fatall gripe:
Aime like a cunning fowler, close on eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

Fra. Free me my innocence from treacherous actes:
I know ther's thunder yonder: and i'le stand,
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know
Treason, like spiders weauing nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts, my honnour'd Lord,
It is reported you possesse a booke,
Wherein you haue quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

Lurking about the Citty. *Mon.* Sir I doe;
And some there are which call it my blacke booke:
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not
The Art of coniuring, yet in it lurke,
The names of many diuels. *Fra.* Pray let's see it.
Mon. I'le fetch it to your Lordship.
Fra. Monticelso, *Exit Monticelso.*
I will not trust thee, but in all my plots,
I'le rest as icalous, as a Towne besieg'd
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
Your flaxe soone kindles, soone is out againe,
But gold slow heat's, and long will hot remaine.
Mon. 'Tis here my Lord. *Enter Mont. presents*
Fra. First, your Intelligencers, pray let's see. *Fra. with a booke.*
Mon. Their number rises strangely;
And some of them
You'd take for honest men.
Next are Panders.
These are your Pirates: and these following leaues,
For base rogues that vndoe yong Gentlemen
By taking vp commodities: for politike bankrupts,
For fellowes that are bawdes to their owne wiues
Onely to put off horses and slight iewels,
Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children. *Fra.* Are there such?
Mon. These are for impudent bawdes,
That goe in mens apparell: for vsurers
That share with scriueners for their good reportage:
For Lawyers that will antedate their writts:
And some Diuines you might finde folded there;
But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.
Here is a generall catalogue of knaues,
A man might study all the prisons o're,
Yet neuer attaine this knowledge, *Fra.* Murderers.
Fold downe the leafe I pray;
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.
Mon. Pray, vse't my Lord.

Fra.

Fra. I doe assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And haue done infinite good in your discouery
Of these offenders. *Mon.* Somewhat Sir. *Fra.* O God!
Better then tribute of wolues paid in *England*.
'Twill hang their skins o'th hedge.
Mon. I must make bold
To leaue your Lordship. *Fra.* Deere sir, I thanke you,
If any aske for me at Court, report,
You haue left me in the company of knaues. *Exit Mont.*
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my Lords Officer, one that lately skip't
From a Clearkes deske vp to a Iustices chaire,
Hath made this knauish summons; and intendes,
As th' Irish rebels were wont to, sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:
Your poore rogues pay for't, which haue not meanes
To present bribe in fist: the rest o'th' band
Are raz'd out of the knaues record; or else,
My Lord he winkes at them with easy will,
His man growes rich, the knaues are the knaues still.
But to the vse i'le make of it; it shall serue
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villany. Did I want
Ten leash of Curtizans, it would furnish me;
Nay, lawndresse three Armies. That in so little paper
Should lye th'vndoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted vse some make of bookes:
Diuinity, wrested by some factious bloud,
Drawes swords, swels battailes, and ore'throwes all good:
To fashion my reuenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sisters face:
Call for her picture: no; i'le close mine eyes,
And in a melancholique thought i'le frame
Enter Isabella's Ghost:
Her figure 'fore me. Now I——haue't how strong

Imagination workes! how she can frame
Things which are not: me thinks she stands afore me
And by the quicke Idea of my minde,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtill Iugler, makes vs deeme
Things, supernaturall, which haue cause
Common as sickneſſe. 'Tis my melancholy,
How cam'ſt thou by thy death?—how idle am I
To queſtion mine owne idleneſſe?—did euer
Man dreame awake till now?—remoone this obiect
Out of my braine with't: what haue I to doe
With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,
That haue to meditate vpon reuenge?
So now 'tis ended, like an old wiues ſtory.
Stateſ-men thinke often they ſee ſtranger ſights
Then mad-men. Come, to this waighty buſineſſe.
My Tragedy muſt haue ſome idle mirth in't,
Elſe it will neuer paſſe. I am in loue,
In loue with *Corombona*; and my ſuite
Thus haltes to her in verſe.——
I haue done it rarely: O the fate of Princes!
I am ſo vſ'd to frequent flattery, *hee writes*
That being alone, I now flatter my ſelfe;
But it will ſerue, 'tis ſeal'd; beare this *Enter ſeruant.*
To th' houſe of Conuerts; and watch your leiſure
To giue it to the hands of *Corombona*,
Or to the Matron, when ſome followers
Of *Brachiano* may bee by. Away *Exit ſeruant.*
He that deales all by ſtrength, his wit is ſhallow:
When a mans head goes through, each limme will follow.
The engine for my buſines, bold Count *Lodowicke*:
'Tis gold muſt ſuch an inſtrument procure,
With empty fiſt no man do falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
Like the wild Iriſh I'le nere thinke thee dead
Till I can play at footeball with thy head.
Flectere ſi nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo. *Exit Mon.*

Enter

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.

Mat. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such recourse
To your impriſon'd ſiſter, I were like
T'incur much damage by it. *Fla.* Not a ſcruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other buſineſſe
Then guarding of a Ladie. *Enter ſeruant.*
Ser. Yonder's *Flamineo* in conference
With the Matrone. Let mee ſpeake with you;
I would intreat you to deliuer for mee
This letter to the faire *Vittoria.*
Mat. I ſhall Sir. *Enter Brachiano.*
Ser. With all care and ſecrecie;
Hereafter you ſhall know mee, and receiue
Thankes for this curteſie. *Fla.* How now? what's that?
Mar. A letter. *Fla.* To my ſiſter: I'le ſee't deliuered.
Bra. What's that you reade *Flamineo*? *Fla.* Looke.
Bra. Ha? To the moſt vnfortunate, his beſt reſpected *Vittoria.*
Who was the meſſenger? *Bla.* I know not,
Bra. No! Who ſent it!
Fla. Vd's foot, you ſpeake, as if a man
Should know, what foule is coffin'd in a bake't meate
Afore you cut it vp.
Bra. I'le open't, were't her heart. What's heere ſubſcribed.
This iugling is groſſe and palpable. (Florence?
I haue found out the conueyance; reade it, reade it.
Fla. Your teares I'le turne to triumphes, bee but mine:
Your prop is fall'n; I pittie, that a vine,
Which Princes heretofore haue long'd to gather,
Wanting ſupporters, now ſhould fade and wither.
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would ſerue his turne.
Your ſad impriſonement I'le ſoone vncharme,
And with a princelie vncontrolled arme
Lead you to Florence, where my loue and eare
Shall hang your wiſhes in my ſiluer haire.
A halter on his ſtrange æquiuocation.
Nor for my eares returne me the ſad willow,

Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow.
Rotten on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th bed-straw;
And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The Gods never waxe old, no more doe Princes.
A pox on't, teare it, let's haue no more Atheists for Gods sake.
Bra. Vdi'death, i'le cut her into Atomes,
And let th' irregular North-winde sweepe her vp,
And blow her 'mt' his Nostrils. Where's this whore?
Fla. That? what doe you call her?
Bra. Oh, I could be mad;
Preuent the curst disease shee'l bring me to;
And teare my haire off. Where's this changeable stuffe?
Fla. O're head and eares in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearing. *Bra.* ee'n you Pander?
Fla. What me, my Lord, am I your dog?
Bra. A bloud-hound: doe you braue? doe you stand me?
Fla. Stand you? let those that haue diseases, run;
I need no plaister. *Bra.* Would you be kick't?
Fla. Would you haue your necke broke?
I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;
My shins must be kept whole. *Bra.* Do you know me?
Fla. O, my Lord! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of euils:
So in this world there are degrees of Deuils.
You'r a great Duke: I your poore secretary.
I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.
Bra. Pander, plie your conuoy, and leaue your prating.
Fla. All your kindnesse to me is like that miserable curtesie of *Polyphemus* to *Vlysses*, you reserue mee to bee deuour'd last; you would dig turfes out of my graue to feede your Larkes: that would be musicke to you. Come i'le lead you to her.
Bra. Doe you face mee?
Fla. O Sir I would not goe before a Politike enemy with my backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirle-poole. *Enter* Vittoria *to* Brachiano *and* Flamineo.
Bra. Can you reade, Mistresse? looke vpon that letter:
There are noe characters, nor Hieroglyphicks.

You

You need no comment, I am growne your receiuer,
Gods pretious, you shall be a braue great Lady,
A stately, and aduanced whore. *Vit.* Say Sir,
Bra, come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discouer
Your treasurie of loue-letters. Death and Furies,
I'le see them all. *Vit*; Sir vpon my soule,
I haue not any, Whence was this directed?
Bra, Confusion on your politicke ignorance.
You are reclaimed? are you? I'le giue you the bels,
And let you flie to the Deuill. *Fla.* Ware hawke, my Lord,
Vit. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord
To me, he nere was louely I protest,
So much as in my sleepe. *Bra.* Right: they are plots.
Your beauty! O, ten thousand curses on't.
How long haue I beheld the Deuill in Christall?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers,
To my eternall ruine. Woman to man
Is eyther a God or a wolfe. *Vit.* My Lord. *Bra.* Away.
Wee'l bee as differing as two Adamants;
The one shall shun the other. What do'st weepe?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Wee'l furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling, past wild Irish. *Fla.* Fie, my Lord.
Bra. That hand, that curs'd hand, which I haue wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Dutchesse,
How louely art thou now! thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quick-silner, I was bewitch'd;
For all the world speakes ill of thee. *Vit.* No matter.
I'le liue so now, I'le make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.
Bra. Whose death God pardon.
Vit. Whose death God reuenge
On thee most godlesse Duke. *Fla.* Now for the whirlewindes.
Vit. What haue I gain'd by thee but infamy?
Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house
And frighted thence noble society:

Like

Like those, which sicke 'oth 'Palsie, and retaine
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nostrills. What doe you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the Iudge stile it
A house of penitent whores? who sent mee to it?
Who hath the honour to aduance *Vittoria*
To this incontinent colledge? is 't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag,
How many Ladies you haue vndone, like me.
Fare you well sir; let me heare no more of you.
I had a limme corrupted to an vlcer,
But I haue cut it off: and now I'le goe
Weeping to heauen on crutches. For your giftes,
I will returne them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full Executor
To all my sinnes: O that I could tosse my selfe
Into a graue as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'le not shed one teare more;—Ile burst first. *She throwes her selfe vpon a bed.*
Bra. I haue drunke Lethe:
Vittoria! My dearest happinesse! *Vittoria*!
What doe you aile my loue? why doe you weepe?
Vit. Yes, I now weepe pontardes, doe you see.
Bra. Are not those matchlesse eyes, mine? *Vit.* I had rather
They were not matchles. *Bra.* Is not this lip, mine?
Vit. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather then giue it thee.
Fla. Turne to my Lord, good sister.
Vit. Hence you Pandar.
Fla. Pandar! Am I the author of your sinne?
Vit. Yes: Hee's a base thiefe that a thiefe lets in.
Fla. Wee're blowne vp, my Lord.
Bra. Wilt thou heare me?
Once to be iealous of thee, is't expresse
That I will loue thee euerlastingly.
And neuer more be iealous. *Vit.* O thou foole,
whose greatnesse hath by much ouergrowne thy wit!
What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore? for that;

In

In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
A bonefire. *Fla.* O, no othes for gods sake.
Bra. Will you heare me? *Vit.* Neuer.
Fla, What a damn'd impostume is a womans will?
Can nothing breake it; fie, fie, my Lord.
Women are caught as you take Tortoises,
Shee must be turn'd on her backe. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you haue wrong'd her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To thinke the Duke of Florence would loue her?
Will any Mercer take an others ware
When once 'tis tows'd and sullied? And yet, sister,
How scuruily this frowardnesse becomes you.
Yong Leuerets stand not long, and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport:
A full crie for a quarter of an houre:
And then bee put to th' dead quat. *Bra.* Shall these eyes,
Which haue so long time dwelt vpon your face,
Be now put out? *Fla.* No cruell Land-lady i'th' world,
Which lend's forth groates to broome-men, & takes use for the,
Would doe't.
Hand her, my Lord, and kisse her: bee not like
A ferret to let goe your hold with blowing.
Bra. Let vs renew right handes. *Vit.* Hence.
Bra. Neuer shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make me commit like fault.
Fla. Now you are i'th way on't, follow't hard.
Bra. Be thou at peace with me: let all the world
Threaten the Canon. *Fla.* Marke his penitence.
Best natures doe commit the grossest faults,
When they're giu'n o're to iealousie: as best wine
Dying makes strongest vineger. Ile tell you:
The Sea's more rough and raging, then calme riuers,
But not so sweet, nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water vnder a great bridge.
A man may shoot her safely, *Vit.* O yee dissembling men!
Fla. Wee suck't that, sister, from womens breasts, in our

first infancy. *Vit.* To adde misery to misery. *Bra.* Sweetest.
Vit. Am I not low enough?
I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold. *Fla.* Vds' foot, it shall melt
To a heart againe, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th lees for't.
Vit. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I haue bin. I'le speake not one word more.
Fla. Stop her mouth,
With a sweet kisse, my Lord.
So now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about,
Hee's a sweet armefull. O we curld-hair'd men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.
Bra. That you should chide thus!
Fla. O, sir, your little chimnies
Doe euer cast most smoke. I sweat for you.
Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their woodden horse.
My Lord supply your promises with deedes.
You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.
Bra. Stay ingra efull Rome. (vsage.
Fla. Rome! it deserues to be cal'd Barbary for our villainous
Bra. Soft; the same proiect which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in Loue or gullery, I know not)
Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.
Fla. And no time fitter then this night, my Lord;
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclaue, for th' electing a new Pope;
The Citty in a great confusion;
We may attire her in a Pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For Padua.
Bra. Instantly steale forth the Prince *Giouanni*,
And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother,
And yong *Marcello* that attends on Florence,
If you can worke him to it, follow mee;
I will aduance you all: for you *Vittoria*,

Thinke

Thinke of a Dutcheſſes title. *Fla.* Loe you ſiſter.

Stay, my Lord, I'le tell you s tale. The Crocodile, which liues in the riuer *Nilus*, hath a worme breeds i'th teeth of't, which puts it to extreame anguiſh: a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is barber-ſurgeon to this Crocodile; flies into the iawes of't, pickes out the worme; and brings preſent remedy. The fiſh, glad of eaſe, but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird my not talke largely of her abroad for non-payment, cloſeth her chaps intending to ſwallow her, and ſo put her to perpetuall ſilence. But nature loathing ſuch ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the Crocodile i'th mouth; forceth her open her bloudy priſon; and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

Bra. Your application is; I haue not rewarded
The ſeruice you haue done me. *Fla.* No, my Lord,
You ſiſter are the Crocodile: you are blemiſht in your fame, My Lord cures it. And though the compariſon hold not in euery particle; yet obſerue, remember, what good the bird with the pricke i'th head hath done you; and ſcorne ingratitude.
It may appeare to ſome, ridiculous
Thus to talke knaue and madman; and ſometimes
Come in with a dried ſentence, ſtuft with ſage.
But this allowes my varying of ſhapes,
Knaues do grow great by being great mens apes *Exeunt.*

Enter Franciſco, Lodouico, Gaſper, *and ſixe Embaſſadours.*
At another doore the Duke of Florence.

Fra. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence.
Guard well the conclaue, and, as the order is,
Let none haue conference with the Cardinals.

Lod. I ſhall, my Lord: roome for the Embaſſadors,

Gas. They're wondrous braue to day: why do they weare
Theſe ſeuerall habits? *Lod.* O ſir, they're Knights
Of ſeuerall Orders.
That Lord i'th blacke cloake, with the ſiluer croſſe,
Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next, Knight of S. *Michael*;
That, of the golden fleece; the *French-man* there,
Knight of the Holy-Ghoſt; my Lord of *Sauoy*

Knight of 'th Annuntiation; the *Englishman*
Is Knight of th' honnored Garter, dedicated
Vnto their Saint, S. *George*. I could describe to you
Their seuerall institutions, with the lawes
Annexed to their orders; but that time
Permits not such discouery.

Fra. Where's Count *Lodowicke*? *Lod.* Here my Lord.

Fra. 'Tis o'th point of dinner time,
Marshall the Cardinals seruice, *Lod.* Sir I shall. *Enter seruants with seuerall dishes couered.*
Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

Ser. For my Lord Cardinall *Monticelso*,

Lod. Whose this?

Ser. For my Lord Cardinall of *Burbon*.

Fre. Why doth he search the dishes? to obserue
What meat is drest? *Eng.* No Sir, but to preuent
Least any letters should be conuei'd in,
To bribe or to sollicite the aduancement
Of any Cardinall, when first they enter
'Tis lawfull for the Embassadours of Princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their Prince affecteth best;
But after, till a generall election,
No man may speake with them.

Lod. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals,
Open the window, and receiue their viands.

A Car. You must returne the seruice; the L. Cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,
They haue giuen o're scrutinie, and are fallen
To admiration, *Lod.* Away, away.

Fra. I'le lay a thousand Duckets you heare newes *A Cardinal on he Tarras*
Of a Pope presently, Hearke; sure hee's elected:
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appeares
On the Church battelments.

Arragon. *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reuerendissimus, Cardinalis* Lorenzo *de* Monticelso *electus est in sedem Apostolicam & elegit sibi nomen* Paulum *quartum.*

Omnes. Viuat sanctus Pater Paulus *Quartus.*

Sor.

Ser. *Vittoria* my Lord.
Fra. Well; what of her? *Ser.* Is fled the City, *Fra.* Ha?
Ser, With Duke *Brachiano.* *Fra.* Fled? Wher's the Prince
Ser, Gone with his father. (*Giouanni?*
Fra. Let the Matrone of the Conuerts
Be apprehended: fled? O damnable!
How fortunate are my wishes. Why? 'twas this
I onely laboured. I did send the letter
T' instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,
I first haue poison'd; directed thee the way
To marry a whore; what can be worse? this followes.
The hand must act, to drowne the passionate tongue,
I scorne to weare a sword, and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelso *in State.*

Mon. *Concedimus vobis Apostolicam benedictionem, & remissionem*
My Lord reports *Vittoria Corombona* (*peccatorum*
Is stol'ne from forth the house of Conuerts
By *Brachiano,* and they're fled the Citty.
Now, though this be the first daie of our seate,
We cannot better please the diuine power,
Then to sequester from the holy Church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,
We doe denounce excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome,
We likewise banish. Set on: *Exeunt.*
Fra. Come deare *Lodouico.*
You haue ta'ne the sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended murder. *Lod.* With all constancy.
But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe,
In perso, being a great Prince. *Fra.* Diuert me not.
Most of his Court are of my faction,
And some are of my councell. Noble friend,
Our danger shall be like in this designe, *Exit Fra. Enter*
Giue leaue, part of the glory may be mine. *Monticelso.*
Mon. Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
Labour your pardon? say.
Lod. Italian beggars will resolue you that

Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of, *Exit Mon-*
Doe good for their owne sakes, or't may be, *ticelso.*
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand:
Like Kings, who many times giue out of measure;
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.

Mon. I know you're cunning. Come, what deuill was that
That you were railing? *Lod.* Deuill, my Lord?
I aske you.

Mon. How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet
Fell with such complement vnto his knee,
When hee departed from you? *Lod.* Why, my Lord,
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse
Which he would faine haue brought to the carreere,
The' fault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
I haue a rare French Rider. *Mon.* Take you heede:
Least the Iade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra you doe lie.
O, thou 'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storme. *Lod.* Stormes are 'ith aire, my Lord,
I am too low to storme. *Mon.* Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l euer kill.
About some murder? wa'st not? *Lod.* I'le not tell you:
And yet I care not greatly if I doe;
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I vtter
Is in confession meerely; which you know
Must neuer be reueal'd. *Mon.* You haue o'reta'ne me.

Lod. Sir I did loue *Brachiano's* Dutchesse deerely;
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne're knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;
Vpon my soule she was: for which I haue sworne
T'auenge her murder. *Mon.* To the Duke of Florence?

Lod. To him I haue. *Mon.* Miserable Creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagin, thou canst slide on blood

And not be tainted with a ſhamefull fall?
Or like the blacke, and melancholicke Ewe-tree,
Do'ſt thinke to roote thy ſelfe in dead mens graues,
And yet to proſper? inſtruction to thee,
Comes like ſweet ſhowers to ouer-har dned ground:
They wet, but pierce not deepe. And ſo I leaue thee,
Withall the Furies hanging 'bout thy necke,
Till by thy penitence thou remooue this euill,
In coniuring from thy breaſt that cruell Deuill.

Lod. I'le giue it o're. He ſaies 'tis damnable; *Exit Mon.*
Beſides I did expect his ſuffrage,
By reaſon of *Camillo's* death. *Enter ſeruant*
Fra. Do you know that Count? *Ser.* Yes, my Lord. *& Franciſco.*
Fra. Beare him theſe thouſand Duckets to his lodging,
Tell him the Pope hath ſent them. Happily
That will confirme more then all the reſt. *Ser.* Sir.
Lod. To me ſir?
Ser. His Honeſſe hath ſent you a thouſand Crownes,
And wils you, if you trauaile, to make him (manded.
Your Patron for intelligence *Lod.* His creature euer to bee com-
Why now 'tis come about. He rai'ld vpon me;
And yet theſe Crownes were told out, and laid ready,
Before he knew my voiage. O the Art,
The modeſt forme of greatneſſe! that do ſit
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their look's turn'd
From the leaſt wanton ieſt, their puling ſtomacke
Sicke of the modeſty, when their thoughts are looſe.
Euen acting of thoſe hot and luſtfull ſports
Are to enſue about midnight: ſuch his cunning!
Hee ſoundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th'act of blood,
There's but three Furies found in ſpacious hell;
But in a great mans breaſt three thouſand dwell.

A paſſage ouer the ſtage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Horten-
ſio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche, *and others.*

Fla. In all the weary minutes of my life,

Day

Day ne're broke vp till now. This marriage
Confirmes me happy. *Hor.* 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to Court?
Fla. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th Dukes closet,
I haue not seene a goodlier personage,
Nor euer talk't with man better experienc't
In State-affaires, or rudiments of warre.
He hath by report, seru'd the *Venetian*
In *Candy*, these twice seuen yeares, and bin chiefe
In many a bold designe. *Hor.* What are those two,
That beare him company?

Fla. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that liuing in the Emperours seruice as commanders, eight yeares since; contrary to the expectation of all the Court, entred into religion, into the strict order of Capuchins: but being not well setled in their vndertaking, they left their Order, and returned to Court: for which, being after troubled in conscience, they vowed their seruice against the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*: were there knighted, and in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolued for euer to forsake the world, and settle themselues here in a house of Capuchins in *Padua*. *Hor.* 'Tis strange.

Fla. One thing makes it so. They haue vowed for ever to weare next their bare bodies those coates of maile they serued in.

Hor. Hard penance.
Is the Moore a Christian? *Fla.* He is.

Hor. Why proffers hee his seruice to our Duke?

Fla. Because he vnderstands, there's like to grow
Some warre betewene vs, and the Duke of Florence,
In which he hopes imployment. *Enter Duke Brachiano.*
I neuer saw one in a sterne bold looke
Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt
Of our slight airy Courtiers. He talkes,
As, if he had trauail'd all the Princes Courts
Of Christendome, in all things strines t'expresse,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright

But

But look't to neare, haue neither heat, nor light.
The Duke.

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar: Lodouico, Antonelli, Gaspar, Farnese, bearing their swords and helmets.

Bra. You are nobly welcome. Wee haue heard at full
Your honourable seruice 'gainst the Turke.
To you, braue *Mulinassar*, we assigne
A competent pension: and are inly sorrie,
The vowes of those two worthy gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.
Your wish is, you may leaue your warlike swordes,
For Monuments in our Chappell. I accept it
As a great honour done me, and must craue
Your leaue to furnish out our Dutchesse reuels.
Onely one thing, as the last vanity
You e're shall view, denie me not to stay
To see a Barriers prepar'd to night:
You shall haue priuate standings: It hath pleas'd
The great Ambassadours of seuerall Princes
In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries,
To grace your marriage, and to honour me
With such a kinde of sport. *Fra.* I shall perswade them
To stay, my Lord. *Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, and Marcello.*
Set on there to the presence.
Car. Noble my Lord, most fortunately welcome, *The Conspirators here imbrace.*
You haue our vowes seal'd with the sacrament
To second your attempts. *Ped.* And all things ready.
He could not haue inuented his owne ruine,
Had hee despair'd, with more propriety.
Lod. You would not take my way. *Fra.* 'Tis better ordered.
Lod. T'haue poison'd his prayer booke, or a paire of beades,
The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,
Or th' handle of his racket: O that, that!
That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,
He might haue sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke
His soule into the hazard! O my Lord!
I would haue our plot be ingenious,

And haue it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather then borrow example. *Fra.* There's no way
More speeding then this thought on. *Lod.* Oh then.
Fra. And yet mee thinkes, that this reuenge is poore,
Because it steales vpon him like a thiefe,
To haue taine him by the Caske in a pitch't field,
Led him to Florence! *Lod.* It had bin rare. —— And there
Haue crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlicke.
T'haue showne the sharpnesse of his gouernment, *Exeunt Lodo-*
And rankenesse of his lust. *nico, Antonelli.*
Flamineo comes. *Enter Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.*
Mar. Why doth this deuil haunt you? say.
Fla. I know not.
For by this light I doe not coniure for her.
'Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke
To raise the deuill: for heere's one vp already,
The greatest cunning were, to lay him downe.
Mar. Shee is your shame. *Fla.* I prethee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to burres;
Where their affection throwes them, there they'l sticke.
Zan. That is my Country man, a goodly person;
When hee's at leisure I'le discourse with him *Exit Zanche.*
In our owne language. *Fla.* I beseech you doe,
How is't, braue souldier; O that I had seene
Some of your iron daies! I pray, relate
Some of your seruice to vs.
Fra. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his owne Chronicle, I did neuer wash my mouth with mine owne praise, for feare of getting a stinking breath.
Mar. You're too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other discourse from you.
Fra. I shall neuer flatter him, I haue studied man to much to doe that: What difference is betweene the Duke and I? no more then betweene two brickes, all made of one clay. Onely't may bee, one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottome of a well, by meere chance; if I were plac't as high as the Duke, I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out

weather

weather equally.

Fla. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then hee would tell them stories, *Mar.* I haue bin a souldier too.

Fra. How haue you thriu'd? *Mar.* Faith, poorely.

Fra. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then respected: As shippes seeme verie great vpon the riuer, which shew verie little vpon the Seas: So some men i'th Court, seeme *Colossusses* in a chamber, who if they came into the field would appeare pittifull Pigmies.

Fla. Giue mee a faire roome yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinall to lug mee by th' eares, as his endeared Minion.

Bra. And thou maist doe, the deuill knowes what villanie.

Fla. And safely.

Fra. Right; you shall see in the Countrie, in harueſt time, pigeons, though they destroy neuer so much corne, the Farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor; whilest your poore sparrowes, that belong to the Lord of heauen, they goe to the pot for't.

Fla. I will now giue you some politike instructions. The Duke saies, he will giue you a pension; that's but bare promise: get it vnder his hand. For I haue knowne men that haue come from seruing against the Turke; for three or foure moneths, they haue had pension to buy them new woodden legges, and fresh plaisters; but after, 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should giue hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to endure more Dogdaies. *Enter Hortensio, a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.*

How now, Gallants; what are they readie for the Barriers?

Y. *Lord.* Yes: the Lords are putting on their armour.

Hor. What's hee?

Fla. A new vp-start: one that sweares like a Falconer, and will lye in the Dukes eare day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th' Court smell worse of sweat, then an vnder tennis-court-keeper.

Hor. Looke you, yonder's your sweet Mistresse.

Fla. Thou art my sworne brother: I'le tell thee, I doe loue that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villany; I doe loue her, iust as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning vpon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her goe to the Deuill.

Hor. I heare she claimes marriage of thee,

Fla. Faith, I made to her some such darke promise, and in seeking to flye from't, I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off, and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie!

Zan. I, your loue to me rather cooles then heates.

Fla. Marry, I am the founder louer, we haue many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

Hor. What doe you thinke of these perfum'd Gallants then?

Fla. Their sattin cannot saue them. I am confident,
They haue a certaine spice of the disease;
For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Beleeue it! A little painting, and gay clothes,
Make you loath me.

Fla. How? loue a Lady for painting or gay apparrell? I'le vnkennell one example more for thee. *Æsop* had a foolish dog that let goe the flesh to catch the shadow: I would haue Courtiers be better *Diuers. Zan.* You remember your oathes.

Fla. Louers oathes are like Mariners prayers, vttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaues tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking, And yet amongst Gentlemen, protesting and drinking goe together, and agree as well as Shoomakers and West phalia-bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality of your sun-burnt Gentleman. *Enter Cornelia.*

Cor. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flie to'th stewes.

Fla. You should be clapt by th'heeles now: strike i'th Court?

Zan. She's good for nothing but to make her maids
Catch cold a nights; they dare not vse a bedstaffe,
For feare of her light fingers. *Mar,* You're a strumpet.
An impudent one. *Fla.* Why doe you kicke her? say,

Doe

Doe you thinke that shee's like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruite?
Mar. Shee brags that you shall marry her. *Fra.* What then?
Mar. I had rather shee were pitcht vpon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crowes thence. *Fla.* You'r a boy, a foole,
Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.
Mar. If I take her neere you, I'le cut her throate.
Fla. With a fan of feathers? *Mar.* and for you; I'le whip
This folly from you. *Fla.* Are you cholericke?
I'le purg't with Rubarbe. *Hor.* O your brother. *Fla.* Hang him.
Hee wrongs me most, that ought t'offend me least,
I doe suspect, my mother plaid foule play,
When she conceiu'd thee. *Mar.* Now by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughtred sonnes of *Oedipus*,
The very flames of our affection,
Shall turne two waies. Those words I'le make thee answere
With thy heart-bloud. *Fla.* Doe, like the geese in the progresse,
You know where you shall finde mee, *Mar.* Very good,
And thou bee'it a noble friend, beare him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on't. Y. *Lord.* Sir I shall.
Zan. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,
I ne're lost my complexion till now, *Enter Francisco the*
'Cause I may boldly say without a blush, *Duke of Florence.*
I loue you. *Fla.* Your loue is vntimely sowen,
Ther's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am sunke
In yeares, and I haue vowed neuer to marry.
Zan. Alas! poore maides get more louers, then husbands:
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadours are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the Embassadours person, nor words; yet he likes well of the present-ment. So I may come to you in the same manner, & be better loued for my dowry, then my vertue. *Fla.* I'le thinke on the motion.
Zan. Doe, I'le now detaine you no longer. At your better leasure I'le tell you things shall startle your blond.
Nor blame me that this passion I reueale;

Louers dye inward that their flames conceale.
Fla. Of all intelligence, this may proue the best,
Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this foule nest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marcello, and Cornelia.

Cor. I heare a whispering all about the Court,
You are to fight, who is your opposite?
What is the quarrell? *Mar.* 'Tis an idle rumour.
Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you doe not well
To fright me thus, you neuer looke thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I doe charge you
Vpon my blessing; nay I'le call the Duke,
And he shall schoole you. *Mar.* Publish not a feare,
Which would conuert to laughter; 'tis not so,
Was not this Crucifix my fathers? *Cor.* Yes.
Mar. I haue heard you say, giuing my brother sucke,
Hee tooke the Crucifix betweene his hands, *Enter Flamineo,*
And broke a limme of. *Cor.* Yes: but 'tis mended.
Fla. I haue brought your weapon backe. *Flamineo runnes*
Cor. Ha, O my horrour! *Marcello through.*
Mar. You haue brought it home indeed.
Cor. Helpe, oh, hee's murdered.
Fla. Doe you turne your gall vp? I'le to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. *Hor.* How? o'th ground?
Mar. O mother now remember what I told,
Of breaking of the Crucifix, farewell, *Enter. Cor Hort.*
There are some sinnes, which heauen doth duly punish *Pedro.*
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keepe a steddy foote,
Whose branches spread no wilder, then the roote,
Cor. O my perpetuall sorrow! *Hor.* Vertuous *Marcello.*
Hee's dead: pray leaue him Lady; come, you shall.
Cor. Alas! he is not dead, hee's in a trance.
Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call him againe for Gods sake. *Cor.* I would you were deceiu'd
Cor. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How, many haue gone away thus, for lacke of tendance; reare vp's head,

reare

reare vp's head: His bleeding inward will kill him.

Hor. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him; giue mee him as he is, if he be turn'd to earth, let me but giue him one hearty kisse, and you shall put vs both into one coffin: fetch a looking-glasse, see if his breath will not staine it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lippes; will you loose him for a little paines-taking? *Hor.* Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may liue to lay mee i'th ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let me come to him.

Enter Brachiano all armed, saue the beaver; with Flamineo.

Bra. Was this your handy-worke?

Fla. It was my misfortune.

Cor. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him: these haue kill'd him, that would not let him be better look't too.

Bra. Haue comfort my grieued mother.

Cor. O you scritch-owle. *Hor,* Forbeare good Madam.

Cor. Let me goe, let me goe. *She runs to Flamineo with her knife drawne and comming to him, let's it fall.*

The God of heauen forgiue thee. Do'st not wonder
I pray for thee? Ile tell thee what's the reason,
I haue scarce breath to number twenty minutes;
I'de not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well,
Halfe of thy selfe lies there: and maist thou liue,
To fill an houre-glasse with his mouldred ashes,
To tell, how thou should'st spend the time to come,
In blest repentance. *Bra.* Mother, pray tell me
How came he by his death? what was the quarrell?

Cor. Indeed, my yonger boy presum'd too much
Vpon his manhood; giue him bitter wordes;
Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Iust in my bosome. *Page.* This is not true, Madam.

Cor. I pray thee peace.
One arrow's graz'd already; it were vaine
T'loose this: for that will ne're bee found againe.

Bra. Goe, beare the body to *Cornelias* lodging:
And we command that none acquaint our Dutchesse

With

With this sad accident: for you *Flamineo*,
Hearke you, I will not grant your pardon. *Fla.* No?
Bra. Onely a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc't each euening to renewe it,
or be harg'd. *Fla.* At your pleasure.

Lodouico sprinkles Brachiano's beauer with a poison.

Your will is law now, I'le not meddle with it.
Bra. You once did braue me in your sisters lodging;
I'le now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beauer?
Fra. He cals for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pitty thy sad fate. now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,
The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*

Charges and shouts: they fight at barriers; first single paires, then three to three.

Enter Brachiano and Flaminco, with others.

Bra. An Armorer? vds'death an Armorer?
Fla, Armorer; where's the Armorer?
Bra. Teare off my beauer. *Fla.* Are you hurt, my Lord?
Bra. O my braine's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*
The Helmet is poison'd. *Arm.* My Lord vpon my soule.
Bra. Away with him to torture.
There are some great ones that haue hand in this,
And neere about me.. *Vit.* O my loued Lord, poysoned?
Fla. Remoue the barre: heer's vnfortunate reuels,
Call the Phisitians; a plague vpon you; *Enter 2 Phisitians.*
Wee haue too much of your cunning here already.
I feare the Ambassadours are likewise poyson'd.
Bra. Oh! I am gon already: the infection
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart!
There's such a couenant 'tweene the world and it,
They're loath to breake. *Gio.* O my most loued father!
Bra. Remoue the boy away,
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leaue thee?
What say you scritch-owles, is the venome mortall?
Phy. Most deadly. *Bra.* Most corrupted politike hangman!

You

You kil without booke; but your art to saue,
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends.
I that haue giuen life to offending slaues,
And wretched murderers; haue I not power
To lengthen mine owne a twelue-month?
Doe not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.
This vnction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

Fra. Sir bee of comfort.

Bra. O thou soft naturall death, that are ioint-twin,
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy milde departure: the dull Owle
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe
Scents not thy carrion. Pitty windes thy coarse,
Whil'st horrour waites on Princes. *Vit.* I am lost for euer.

Bra. How miserable a thing it is to die,
'Mongst women howling! What are those. *Fla.* *Franciscans.*
They haue brought the extreame vnction.

Bra. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible:
With draw into our Cabinet. *Exeunt but Francisco, and Flamineo.*

Fla. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes. As heretofore they haue vnpeopled Townes; diuorc't friends, and made great houses vnhospitable: so now, O iustice! where are their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes bodies, the least thicke cloud makes them inuisible.

Fra. There's great moane made for him.

Fla. 'Faith, for some few houres salt water will runne must plentifully in euery Office o'th Court. But beleeue it; most of them doe but weepe ouer their step-mothers graue.

Bra. How meane you?

Fla. Why? They dissemble, as some men doe that liue Within compasse o'th verge.

Fra. Come, you haue thriu'd well vnder him.

Fla. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I haue beene fed with poultry; but for money vnderstand me, I had as good a will to cosen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not cunning enough to doe it,

Fra. What did'ſt thou thinke of him; 'faith, ſpeake freely,

Fla. Hee was a kinde of Stateſman, that would ſooner haue reckon'd how many Canon bullets he had diſcharged againſt a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deſeruing ſubiects hee loſt before it.

Fra. O, ſpeake well of the Duke. *Fla.* I haue done. Will't heare ſome of my Court-wiſedome? *Enter Lodouico.* To reprehend Princes is dangerous; and to ouer-commend ſome of them, is palpable lying. *Fra.* How is it, with the Duke?

Lod. Moſt deadly ill.
Hee's fall'n into a ſtrange diſtraction.
Hee talkes of Battailes, and Monopolies,
Leuying of taxes, and from that, deſcends
To the moſt brain-ſicke language. His minde faſtens
On twentie ſeuerall obiects, which confound
Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end,
May teach ſome men that beare too loftie creſt,
Though they liue happieſt, yet they dye not beſt:
He hath confer'd the whole State of the Dukedome
Vpon your ſiſter, till the Prince arriue
At mature age. *Fla.* There's ſome good lucke in that yet.

Fra. See, heere he comes *Enter Brachiano, perſented in a bed* There's death in's face already. *Vittoria, and others.*

Vit. O my good Lord! *Bra.* Away, you haue abuſ'd mee:
You haue conuey'd coyne forth our territories;
Bought and ſold offices; oppreſ'd the poore,
And I ne're dreamt on't. Make vp your accounts;
I'le now bee mine owne Steward. *Bra.* Sir, haue patience.

Bra. Indeed, I am too blame.
For did you euer heare the duskie rauen
Chide blackneſſe? or was't euer knowne, the diuell
Rail'd againſt clouen Creatures. *Vit.* O my Lord?

Bra. Let mee haue ſome quailes to ſupper. *Fla.* Sir, you ſhall.

Bra. No: ſome fried dog-fiſh. Your Quailes feed on poyſon,
That old dog-fox, that Polittiian Florence,
I'le forſweare hunting and turne dog-killer;
Rare! I'le be freinds with him; for marke you, ſir, one dog

Stil.

Still sets another a barking: peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slaue come in now. *Fla.* Where?
Bra Why there.
In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches,
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha,
Looke you, his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes
with pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him?
Fla. No, my Lord. *Bra.* Why 'tis the Deuill,
I know him by a great rose, he weares on's shooe,
To hide his clouen foot: I'le dispute with him.
Hee's a rare linguest. *Vit.* My Lord heer's nothing.
Bra. Nothing? rare! nothing? when I want monie,
Our treasurie is empty, there is nothing;
I'le not beeu s'd thus. *Vit.* O I'lye still, my Lord.
Bra. See, see, *Flamineo* that kill'd his brother,
Is dancing on the ropes there: and hee carries
A mony-bag in each hand, to keepe him euen,
For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a Lawyer
In a gowne whipt with veluet, stares and gapes
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should haue bin in a halter.
'Tis there; what's she! *Fla.* *Vittoria*, my Lord,
Bra. Ha, ha, ha. Her haire is sprinkled with Arras powder, that makes her looke, as if shee had sinn'd in the Pastry. What's he?
Fla. A Diuine my Lord.
Bra. Hee will be drunke: Auoyd him: th' argument is fearefull, when Church-men stagger in't. Looke you; sixe gray cats that haue lost their tailes, crall vp the pillow, send for a Rat-catcher: I'le doe a miracle: I'le free the Court From all foule vermine. Where's *Flamineo*?
Fla. I doe not like, that he names mee so often, Especially on's death-bed: 'tis a signe I shall not liue long: see hee's neere his end.
Lod. Pray giue vs leaue; *Attende Domine Brachiano*,
Fla. See, see how firmely he doth fixe his eye
Vpon the Crucifixe. *Vit.* O, hold it constant,

seemes here neare his end Lodouico and Gaspar in the habit of Capuchins, present him in his bed, with a Crucifixe and hallowed candle.

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes
Melt into teares.

By the Crucifix. Lod. *Domine* Brachiane, *solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.*

Gas. *Olim hastâ valuisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum.*

By the Holowed taper. Lod. *Attende Domine* Brachiane, *si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.*

Gas. *Esto securus Domine* Brachiane: *cogita, quantum habeas meritorum: denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.*

Lod. *Si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in lævum.*

He is departing: pray, stand all apart,
And let vs onely whisper in his eares
Some priuate meditations, which our order *Here the rest*
Permits you, not to heare. *Gas. Brachiano.* *being departed, Lo-*
Lod. Deuill *Brachiano.* *donico, and Gasparo discouer*
Thou art damn'd. *Gas.* Perpetually. *themselues.*
Lod. A slaue condemn'd, and giuen vp to the gallowes,
Is thy great Lord and Master. *Gas.* True: for thou
Art giuen vp to the Deuill. *Lod.* O you slaue!
You that were helde the famous Polititian;
Whose art was poyson. *Gas.* And whose conscience murder.
Lod. That would haue broke your wiues necke downe the staires, ere she was poison'd. *Gas.* That had your villanous sallets.
Lod. And fine imbroidered bottles, And perfumes
Equally mortall with a winter plague.
Gas. Now there's Mercury.
Lod. And copresse.
Gas. And quick-siluer.
Lod. With other deuilish Apothecarie stuffe,
A melting in your politike braines: do'st heare.
Gas. This is Count *Lodonico*: *Lod.* This, *Gasparo.*
And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. *Gas.* And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog.
Lod. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

Bra. Vittoria! Vittoria! Lod. O the curſed deuill
Comes to himſelfe againe. Wee are vndone.
Enter Vittoria and the attend.
Gas. Strangle him in priuate. What? will you call him againe
To liue in treble torments? for charity,
For Chriſtian charity, auoyd the chamber.
Lod. You would prate, Sir. This is a true loue-knot,
Sent from the Duke of Florence. *Brachiano is ſtrangled*
Gas. What is it done?
Lod. The ſnuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th world,
Though ſhee had practis'd ſeauen yeare at the Peſt-houſe,
Could haue don't quaintlier. My Lords, hee's dead.
Omn. Reſt to his ſoule.
Vit. O mee! this place is hell. *Exit Vittoria.*
Flo. How heauily ſhe takes it. *Fla.* O yes, yes;
Had women nauigable riuers in their eyes
They would diſpend them all; ſurely I wonder,
Why we ſhould wiſh more riuers to the Citty,
When they ſell water ſoe good cheape. I'le tell thee,
Theſe are but Mooniſh ſhades of griefes or feares,
There's nothing ſooner drie, then womens teares.
Why heere's an end of all my harueſt; he ha's giuen mee nothing,
Court promiſes! Let wiſemen count them curſt
For while you liue, he that ſcores beſt, paies worſt.
Flo. Sure, this was Florence doing. *Fla.* Very likely.
Thoſe are found waighty ſtrokes which come from th'hand,
But thoſe are killing ſtrokes which come from th head.
O the rare tricks of a Machiauilian!
Hee doth not come, like a groſſe plodding ſlaue,
And buffet you to death: No, my quaint knaue,
He tickles you to death; makes you die laughing;
As if you had ſwallow'd downe a pound of ſaffron,
You ſee the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice:
To teach; Court-honeſty, it iumpes on ice.
Flo. Now, haue the people liberty to talke,
And deſcant on his vices. *Fla.* Miſery of Princes,
That muſt of force be cenſur'd by their ſlaues!

Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,
But, for not doing all, that all men will.
One were better be a threſher.
Vds'death, I would faine ſpeake with this Duke yet.
Flo. Now hee's dead?
Fla. I cannot coniure; but if praiers or oathes
Will get to th'ſpeech of him: though forty Deuils
Waite on him in his liuery of flames,
I'le ſpeake to him, and ſhake him by the hand,
Though I be blaſted. *Fra.* Excellent *Lodouico*!
What? did you terrifie him at the laſt gaſpe? *Exit Flamineo.*
Lod. Yes, and ſo idely, that the Duke had like
T'haue terrified vs. *Fra.* How? *Enter the Moore.*
Lod. You ſhall heare that hereafter,
See! yon's the infernall, that would make vp ſport.
Now to the reuelation of that ſecret,
Shee promis't when ſhe fell in loue with you.
Flo. You're paſſionately met in this ſad world.
Moo. I would haue you looke vp, Sir; theſe Court-teares
Claime not your tribute to them. Let thoſe weepe,
That guiltily partake in the ſad cauſe.
I knew laſt night by a ſad dreame I had,
Some miſchiefe would enſue; yet to ſay trueth,
My dreame moſt concern'd you.
Lod. Shall's fall a dreaming?
Fra. Yes, and for faſhion ſake, I'le dreame with her.
Moo. Mee thought ſir, you came ſtealing to my bed.
Fra. Wilt thou beleeue me ſweeting, by this light,
I was a dreamt on thee too: for mee thought
I ſaw thee naked. *Moo.* Fie ſir! as I told you,
Mee thought you lay downe by me.
Fra. So dreamſt I;
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt take cold, I couer'd the
With this Iriſh mantle. *Moo.* Verily I did dreame
You were ſomewhat bold with me; but to come to't.
Lod. How? how? I hope you will not goe to there,
Fra. Nay; you muſt heare my dreame out.

Moo.

Moore. VVell, sir, forth.
Fra. VVhen I threw the mantle o're thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly me thought. *Moore.* Laugh?
Fla. And cried'st out,
Theh aine did tickle thee. *Moo.* There was a dreame indeed.
Lod. Marke her, I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes
A Collier hath bin wash't in.
Moo. Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reueale a secret: *Isabella*
The Duke of Florence sister, was impoison'd
By a'fum'd picture: and *Camillo's* necke
Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo:* the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. *Fra.* Most strange!
Moo. Most true. *Lod.* The bed of snakes is broke.
Moo. I sadly doe confesse, I had a hand
In the blacke deed.
Fra. Thou kept'st their counsell, *Moo.* Right,
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob *Vittoria.* *Lod.* Excellent penitence!
Vsurers dreame on't, while they sleepe out Sermons.
Moo. To further our escape, I haue entreated
Leaue to retire me, till the funerall,
Vnto a friend i'th country. That excuse
Will further our escape, In coine and iewels
I shall at least, make good vnto your vse
An hundred thousand crownes. *Fra.* O noble wench!
Lod. Those crownes wee'le share. *Moo.* It is a dowry,
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt prouerbe false,
And wash the Æthiop white. Bra. It shall, away
Moo. Bee ready for our flight. *Bra.* An houre fore day
O strange discouery! why till now we knew not, *Exit the Moore*
The circumstance of either of their deaths. *Enter Moore.*
Moo. You'le waight about midnight
In the Chappell. *Bra.* There.
Lod. Why now our action's iustified.
Fra. Tush for iustice.
What harmes it Iustice? we now, like the partridge

Purge

Purge the diſeaſe with lawrell: for the ſame,
Shall crowne the enterpriſe, and quit the ſhame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Flam. and Gaſp. at one doore, another way Gionanni attended.

Gio. The yong Duke. Did you e're ſee a ſweeter Prince?

Fla. I haue knowne a poore womans baſtard better fauor'd, This is behind him: Now, to his face all cõpariſons were hatefull: Wiſe was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and being compar'd for beauty, by ſome dottrels that ſtood by, to the Kingly Eagle ſaid; the Eagle was a farr fairer bird then herſelfe, not in reſpect of her feathers, but in reſpect of her long Talons, His will grow out in time,
My gratious Lord. *Gio.* I pray leaue mee Sir.

Fla. Your Grace muſt be merry: 'tis I haue cauſe to mourne; for wot you what ſaid the little boy that rode behind his father on horſebacke? *Gio.* Why, what ſaid hee?

Fla. When you are dead father (ſaid he) I hope that I ſhall ride in the ſaddle. O 'tis a braue thing for a man to ſit by himſelfe, he may ſtretch himſelfe in the ſtirrops, looke about, and ſee the whole compaſſe of the Hemiſphere, you're now, my Lord, i'th ſaddle. *Gio.* Study your praiers, ſir, and be penitent,
'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin,
I haue heard grieſe nam'd the eldeſt child of ſinne. *Exit Giou.*

Fla. Study my praiers? he threatens me diuinely,
I am falling to pe ces already: I care not, though like *Anacharſis*,
I were pounded to death in a morter. And yet that death were fitter for Vſurers gold, and themſelues to be beaten together, to make a moſt cordiall cullice for the deuill,
He hath his vnkles villanous looke already *Enter Courtier.*
In decimo ſexto. Now ſir, what are you?

Cour. It is the pleaſure ſir, of the yong Duke,
That you forbeare the Preſence, and all roomes,
That owe him reuerence.

Fla. So, the wolfe and the rauen are very pretty fooles, when they are yong. Is it your office, ſir to keepe me out?

Cour. So the Duke wils.

Fla. Verily, Maſter Courtier, extremity is not bee vſed in

in all offices: Say, that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke: would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her vpper garment, pull it o're her head and eares; and put her in naked? *Cor.* Very good: you are merrie.

Fla. Doth hee make a Court-eiectment of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then within. I'le smoo're some of them. *Enter Francisco*

How now? Thou art sad.

Fra. I met euen now with the most piteous sight..

Fla. Thou met'st another here, a pittifull
Degraded Courtier. *Fra.* Your reuerend mother
Is growne a very old woman in two houres.
I found them winding of *Marcello's* coarse;
And there is such a solemne melodie,
'Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies:
Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont t'outweare the nights with; that beleeue mee,
I had no eies to guide mee forth the roome,
They were soe ore-charg'd with water. *Fla.* I will see them.

Fra. 'Twere much vncharity in you: for your sight
Will adde vnto their teares. *Fla.* I will see them.
They are behind the trauerse. I'le discouer
Their superstitious howling.

Cornelia, the Moore, and 3. other Ladies discouered winding Marcello's Coarse. A song.

Cor. This rosemarie is wither'd, pray, get fresh;
I would haue these herbes grow vp in his graue,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes,
I'le tye a garland heere about his head:
'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheete
I haue kept this twentie yeeres, and euerie daie,
Hallow'd it with my praiers; I did not thinke,
Hee should haue wore it. *Moo.* Looke you; who are yonder?

Cor. O reach mee the flowers.

Moo. Her Ladieship's fooliish. *Wom.* Alas! her griefe

Hath turn'd her child againe. *Cor.* You're very welcome.
There's Rosemaric for you, and Rue for you, *to Flamineo.*
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.
I haue left more for my selfe. *Bra.* Ladie, who's this?
Cor. You are, I take it, the graue-maker. *Fla.* So.
Mee. 'Tis *Flamineo.*
Cor. Will you make mee such a foole? heere's a white hand:
Can bloud so soone be wash't out? Let mee see,
When scritch-owles croake vpon the chimney tops,
And the strange Cricket i'th ouen singes, and hoppes,
When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,
Bee certaine then you of a Coarse shall heare.
Out vpon't, how'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Cowslip-water is good for the memorie: pray buy mee 3. ounces of't. *Fla,* I would I were from hence. *Cor.* Do you heere,
Ile giue you a saying which my grandmother sir?
Was wont, when she heard the bell tole, to sing o're vnto her lute
Fla. Doe and you will, doe.
Cor. Call for the Robin-Red-brest, and the wren,
Since o're shadie groues they houer, *Cornelia doth this*
And with leaues and flowres doe couer *in seuerall formes*
The friendlesse bodies of vnburied men. *of distraction.*
Call vnto his funerall Dole
The Ante, the field mouse, and the mole
To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,
But keepe the wolfe far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nailes hee'l dig them vp agen.
They would not bury him, 'cause hee died in a quarrell;
But I haue an answere for them.
Let holie Church receiue him duly,
Since hee payd the Church tithes truly.
His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:
This poore men get; and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, wee may shut vp shop.
Blesse you all good people, *Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.*
Fla, I haue a strange thing in mee, to th' which

I can-

I cannot giue a name, without it bee
Compassion, I pray leaue mee *Exit Francisco.*
This night I'le know the vtmost of my fate,
I'le be resolu'd what my rich sister meanes
T'assigne me for my seruice: I haue liu'd
Riotously ill, like some that liue in Court.
And sometimes, when his face was full of smiles
Haue felt the maze of conscience in my brest.
Oft gay and honour'd robes those torures trie,
„Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.
Ha! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet.
What a mockery hath death made thee? thou look'st sad.
In what place art thou? in your starrie gallerie, *Enter Brachi. Ghost. In his leather Cassock & breeches, boots, a candle a pot of lilly-flowers with a scull in't.*
Or in the curst dungeon? No? not speake?
Pray, sir, resolue mee, what religion's best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answere me how long I haue to liue?
That's the most necessary question.
Not answere? Are you still, like some great men
That onely walke like shadowes vp and downe,
And to no purpose: say: —
What's that? O fatall! he throwes earth vpon mee. *The Ghost throws earth vpon him and shewes him the scull.*
A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.
I pray speake sir, our Italian Church-men
Make vs beleeue, dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eate with them. *Exit Ghost.*
Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanisht.
This is beyond melancholy, I dare doe my fate
To doe it's worst. Now to my sisters lodging,
And summe vp all these horrours; the disgrace
The Prince threw on mee; next the piteous sight
Of my dead brother; and my Mothers dotage;
And last this terrible vision. All these
Shall with *Vittoria's* bounty turne to good,
Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood. *Exit.*

Enter Francisco, Lodouico, and Hortensio.

Lod. My Lord, vpon my soule you shall no further:
You haue most ridiculously ingag'd your selfe
Too far already. For my part, I haue payd
All my debts: so, if I should chance to fall,
My Creditors fall not with mee; and I vow,
To quite all in this bold assembly,
To the meanest follower. My Lord leaue the Citty,
Or i'le forsweare the murder. *Fra.* Farewell *Lodouico.*
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
I'le reare vnto thy memory that fame,
Shall in the ashes keepe aliue thy name.
Hor. Ther's some blacke deed on foote. I'le presently
Downe to the Cittadell, and raise some force.
These strong Court-factions, that doe brooke noe checks,
In the carreere oft breake the riders neckes.

Enter Vittoria with a booke in her hand. Zanke Flamineo, following them.

Fla. What? are you at your prayers? Giue o're.
Vit. How Ruffin?
Fla. I come to you 'bout wordly businesse:
Sit downe, sit downe: Nay, stay Blouze, you may heare it,
The doores are fast enough. *Vit.* Ha, are yon drunke?
Fla. Yes, yes, with wormewood water; you shall tast
Some of it presently. *Vit.* What intends the Fury?
Fla. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime
Reward for my long seruice. *Vit.* For your seruice?
Fla. Come therefore, here is pen and inke, set downe,
What you will giue me.
Vit. There. *Fla.* Ha! haue you done already,
Shee writes. 'Tis a most short conueyance. *Vit.* I will reade it.
I giue that portion to thee, and no other
Which *Cain* groan'd vnder, hauing slaine his brother.
Fla. A most Courtly patent to beg by.
Vit. You are a villaine.
Fla. Is't come to this? they say, affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a Deuill in thee; I will trie
If I can scarre him from thee; Nay sit still:
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Iewels
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see them.

Vit.

Vit. Sure hee's distracted. *Zan.* O hee's desperate! *He Enters*
For your owne safety giue him gentle language. *with two cases*
Fla. Looke, these are better far at a dead lift, *of pistols.*
Then all your iewell house. *Vit.* And yet mee thinkes,
These stones haue no faire lustre, they are ill set.
Fla. I'le turne the right side towards you: you shall see how
they will sparkle. *Vit.* Turne this horror from mee:
What doe you want? what would you haue mee doe?
Is not all mine, yours? haue I any children?
Fla. Pray thee, good woman, doe not trouble mee
With this vaine worldly businesse; say your prayers,
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither your selfe, nor I should out-liue him
The numbring of foure houres. *Vit.* Did he enioyne it.
Fla. He did, and 'twas a deadly iealousie,
Least any should enioy thee after him,
That vrg'd him vow me to it: For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his owne Court
Being a great Duke, what hope then for vs?
Vit. This is your melancholy, and dispaire. *Fla.* Away,
Foole thouart, to thinke that Polititians
Doe vse to kill the effects of iniuries
And let the cause liue: shall we groane in irons,
Or be a shamefull, and a waighty burthen
To a publike scaffold: This is my resolue:
I would not liue at any mans entreaty,
Nor die, at any's bidding. *Vit.* Will you heare me?
Fla My life hath done seruice to other men,
My death shall serue mine owne turne; make you ready.
Vit. Doe you meane to die indeed.
Fla. With as much pleasure,
As e're my father 'gat me. *Vit.* are the doores lockt?
Zan. Yes Madam.
Vit. Are you growne an Atheist? will you turne your body,
Which is the goodly pallace of the soule,
To the soules slaughter house? O the cursed Deuill

Which doth present vs with all other sinnes
Thrice candied o're; Despaire, with gaule and stibium.
Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for helpe,
Makes vs forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sinke to that was made for deuils,
Eternall darkenesse. *Zan.* Helpe, helpe. *Fla.* I'le stop your throate
With Winter plums, *Vit.* I preethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graues, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shreeking. *Fla.* Leaue your prating,
For these are but grammaticall laments,
Feminine arguments, and they moue mee,
As some in Pulpits moue their Auditory
More with their exclamation, then sence
Of reason, or sound Doctrine. *Zan.* Gentle Madam.
Seeme to consent, onely perswade, him teach
The way to death; let him die first.
Vit. 'Tis good, I apprehend it,
To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take
Like pils, not chew't, but quickly swallow it,
The smart o'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand,
May elfe bring treble torments. *Fla.* I haue held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to die. *Vit.* O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolu'd, farewell affliction:
Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liu'd
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice vnto you; Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewell *Zanche.*
Zan. How Madam? Doe you thinke that i'le outliue you?
Especially when my best selfe *Flamineo*
Goes the same voyage. *Fla.* O most loued *Moore!*
Zan. Onely by all my loue let mee entreat you;
Since it is most necessary one of vs
Doe violence on our selues; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.
Fla. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already:

Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,
Th'other 'gainst your owne, and so we'le dye,
Most equally contented: But first sweare
Not to out-liue me, *Vit.* & *Moo.* Most religiously.
Fla. Then here's an end of me, fare-well day-light
And O contemptible Physicke! that dost take
So long a study, onely to preserue
So short a life, I take my leaue of thee.
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected bloud out,
Are you ready? *Both.* Ready.

Shewing the pistols.

Fla. Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Purgatory, to finde *Alexander* the great cobling shooes, *Pompey* tagging points, and *Iulius Cæsar* making haire buttons, *Hannibal* selling blacking, and *Augustus* crying garlicke, *Charlemaigne* selling lists by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart, drawn with one horse.
Whether I resolue to Fire, Earth, water, Aire.
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not,
Nor greatly care, —— Shoote, shoote,
Of all deaths, the violent death is best,
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast,
The paine once apprehended, is quite past.

They shoote and run to him & treade vpon him.

Vit. What are you drop't.
Fla. I am mix't with Earth already: As you are Noble,
Performe your vowes, and brauely follow mee.
Vit. Whither? to hell? *Zan.* To most assured damnation.
Vit. O thou most cursed deuill. *Zan.* Thou art caught
Vit. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out
That would haue bin my ruine.
Fla. Will you be periu'rd? what a religious oath was Stix, that the Gods neuer durst sweare by, and violate? O, that wee had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of Iustice. *Vit.* Thinke whither thou art going. *Zan.* And remember What villanies thou hast acted. *Vit.* This thy death
Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,
Looke vp and tremble. *Fla.* O I am caught with a springe!

Vit. You see the Foxe comes many times short home;
Tis here prou'd true. *Fla.* Kil'd with a couple of braches.
Vit. No fitter offering for the infernall Furies,
Then one in whom they raign'd, while hee was liuing.
Fla. O, the waices darke and horrid! I cannot see,
Shall I haue noe company? *Vit.* O yes, thy sinnes
Doe runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.
Fla. O, I smell soote, most stinking soote; the chimnie is a fire;
My liuer's parboil'd, like scotch holly-bread;
There's a plummer laying pipes in my guts, it scaulds;
Wilt thou outliue mee? *Zan.* Yes; and driue a stake
Through thy body; for wee'le giue it out,
Thou didst this violence vpon thy selfe.
Fla. O cunning Deuils? now I haue tri'd your loue,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded: *Flamineo riseth.*
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
To proue your kindnesse to mee; and I liue
To punish your ingratitude; I know,
One time or other, you would finde a way,
To giue me a strong potion, O Men,
That lye vpon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wiues; neere trust them, they'le re-marry,
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete; ere the Spider
Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes.
How cunning you were to discharge? Doe you practise at the Artillery-yard? Trust a woman? neuer, neuer; *Brachiano* be my president: we lay our soules to pawne to the Deuill for a little pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That euer man should marry! For one *Hypermnestra* that sau'd her Lord and Husband, fourty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates all in one night. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches: Here are two other Instruments. *Enter Lod. Gasp. Pedro, Carlo.*
Vit. Helpe, helpe.
Fla. What noise is that? ha? false keies i'th Court.
Lod. We haue brought you a Maske. *Fla.* A matachine it seemes
By your drawne swords.

Churchmen

Church-men turn'd reuellers. *Lon. Isabella, Isabella,*
Lod. Doe you know vs now? *Fla. Lodouico* and *Gaspare.*
Lod. Yes and that Moore the Duke gaue pension to,
Was the great Duke of Florence. *Vit.* O we are lost.
Fla. You shall not take Iustice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her. —— Ile cut my safty
Through your coates of steele, Fate's a Spaniell,
Wee cannot beat it from vs: what remaines now?
Let all that doe ill, take this president:
Man may his Fate foresee, but not preuent.
And of all Axiomes, this shall winne the prize,
Tis better to be fortunate then wise.
Gas. Bind him to the piller. *Vit.* O your gentle pitty:
I haue seene a black-bird that would sooner fly
To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe
Of the fierce Sparrow-hawke. *Gas.* Your hope deceiues you.
Vit. If Florence be i'th Court, would hee would kill mee.
Gas. Foole! Princes giue rewards with their owne hands,
But death or punishment by the handes of others.
Lod. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ile strike you
Vnto the Center.
Fla. Thoul't doe it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest';
I cannot strike againe. *Lod.* Dost laugh?
Fla. Wouldst haue me dye, as I was borne, in whining?
Gas. Recommend your selfe to heauen.
Fla. Noe, I will carry mine owne commendations thither.
Lod. Oh could I kill you forty times a day,
And vi't foure yeere together; 'twere to little:
Nought greeu's but that you are to few to feede
The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on?
Fla. Nothing; of nothing: leaue thy idle questions,
I am ith way to study a long silence,
To prate were idle I remember nothing,
Ther's nothing of so infinite vexation
As mans owne thoughts. *Lod.* O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I diuide thy breath from this pure aire

When't leaues thy body, I would ſucke it vp,
And breath't vpon ſome dunghill. *Vit.* You, my Deathsman;
Me thinkes thou doſt not looke horrid enough,
Thou haſt to good a face to be a hangman,
If thou be, doe thy office in right forme;
Fall downe vpon thy knees, and aske forgiueneſſe.
Lod. O, thou haſt bin a moſt prodigious comet,
But I'le cut of your traine: kill the Moore firſt.
Vit. You ſhall not kill her firſt: behould my breaſt,
I will be waited on in death; my ſeruant
Shall neuer goe before me. *Gas.* Are you ſo braue?
Vit. Yes I ſhall wellcome death
As Princes doe ſome great Embaſſadors; I'ſe meete thy weapon
halfe way. *Lod.* Thou doſt tremble?
Mee thinkes, feare ſhould diſſolue thee into ayre
Vit. O, thou art deceiu'd, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can neuer kill me: I'le tell thee what,
I will not in my death ſhed one baſe teare,
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.
Cor. Thou art my taske, blacke Fury. *Zan.* I haue blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke ſome?
'Tis good for the falling ſickneſſe: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I ſhall nere looke pale. *Lod.* Strike, ſtrike,
With a ioint motion. *Vit.* 'Twas a manly blow
The next thou giu'ſt murder ſome ſucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. *Fla.* O, what blade iſt?
A Toledo, for an Engliſh Fox.
I euer thought a Cutler ſhould diſtinguiſh
The cauſe of my death, rather then a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the ſteele that made it.
Vit. O! my greateſt ſinne lay in my blood;
Now my blood paies for't. *Fla.* Th'art a noble ſiſter
I loue thee now; if woman doe breed man
Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
For maſculine vertue, haue bin vitious,

Onely

Onely a happier silence did betyde them:
Shee hath noe faults, who hath the art to hide them:
Vit. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,
Is driuen, I know not whither. *Fla.* Then cast anclior.
„Prosperitie doth bewitch men seeming cleere,
„But seas, doe laugh, shew white, when rocks are neere.
„Wee cease to grieue, cease to be fortunes slaues,
„Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gon?
And thou so neare the bottome: false reporte,
Which saies that women vie with the nine Muses,
For nine tough durable liues: I doe not looke
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end.
„While we looke vp to heauen we confound
„Knowledge with knowledge. O, I am in a mist.
Vit. O happy they that neuer saw the Court,
„Nor euer knew great Men but by report. *Vittoria dyes.*
Fla. I recouer like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly goe out.
Let all that belong to Great men remember th' old wiues tradition, to be like the Lyons i'th Tower on Candlemas day, to mourne: if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pitifull remainder of winter to come.
'Tis well yet, there's some goodnesse in my death,
My life was a blacke charnell: I haue caught
An euerlasting could. I haue lost my voice
Most irrecouerably: Farewell glorious villaines;
„This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,
„Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.
Let no harsh flattering Bels resound my knell,
Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell.

Enter Embassad: and Giouanni.

Eng. E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.
Lod. Ha, are wee betraid?
Why then let's constantly dye all together,
And hauing finish't this most noble deede,
Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.

Eng. Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot.
Lod. O, I am wounded,
I feare I shall be taine. *Gio.* You bloudy villaines,
By what authority haue you committed
This Massacre? *Lod.* By thine. *Gio.* Mine?
Lod. Yes, thy vnkle, which is part of thee, enioyn'd vs to't:
Thou know'st me I am sure, I am Count *Lodowicke*,
And thy most noble vnkle in disguise
Was last night in thy Court. *Gio.* Ha!
Car Yes, that Moore thy father chose his pensioner.
Gio. He turn'd murderer?
Away with them to prison, and to torture;
All that haue hands in this, shall tast our iustice,
As I hope heauen. *Lod.* I doe glory yet,
That I can call this act mine owne: For my part,
The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele
Shall bee but sound sleepes to mee, here's my rest:
I limm'd this night-peece and it was my best.
Gio. Remoue the bodies, see my honoured Lord,
What vse you ought make of their punishment.
Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,
Doe leane on crutches, made of slender reedes.

In stead of an Epilogue, onely this of *Martial* supplies me.

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia, si placui.

For the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirme, with the ioint testimony of some of their owne quality, (for the true imitation of life, without striuing to make nature a monster) the best that euer became them: whereof, as I make a generall acknowledgement, so in particular, I must remember the well approued industrie of my friend *Master Perkins*, and confesse the worth of his action did Crowne both the beginning and end.

FINIS.